

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

APRIL 10, 1995 \$3.50

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WAR

# Maclean's



## ICE TIME

Inside the glamorous, big-bucks  
world of pro figure skating

The cast of *Stars On Ice*





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is purely intentional.



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## Maclean's

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE  
APRIL 30, 1992 \$5.00 U.S. \$7.00

### CONTENTS

#### 2 EDITORIAL

#### 4 LETTERS

#### 10 OPENING NOTES/PASSAGES

#### 13 COLUMN: DIANE FRANCIS

#### 14 CANADA

The Parti Québécois still bet rules out a sovereignty referendum this spring

#### 18 BACKSTAGE OTTAWA: ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

#### 20 WORLD

Poverty casts a pall over  
Pope John's election in  
Poland's re-election bid

#### 26 BUSINESS

Do 8 automakers 30,000 layoffs  
and clashes with cable companies  
before the CIO. Chrysler will  
replace 4.5 million Canadian res-  
tore-finishes to win back  
consumers' trust.

#### 31 THE NATION'S BUSINESS: PETER C. NEWMAN

#### 34 COVER

#### 42 SPORTS WATCH: TRENT FRATNEY

#### 45 SCIENCE

Studies linking aluminum to  
Alzheimer's disease raise concerns  
about the safety of drinking water

#### 46 LIFE

#### 49 PEOPLE

#### 50 FILMS

The Scots know Johnny Depp  
makes love, a priest and Thomas  
Jefferson struggle with their  
conscience the film wins  
another Oscar

#### 53 MUSIC

John Arden has parlayed  
melancholy into stardom

#### 55 BROADCASTING

Ferris Bueller takes the top cbc job

#### 58 BOOKS

A journalist challenges conventional  
wisdom about the defeat. Keith  
Benedict centres another elegant  
puzzle, an anthropologist explores  
the human

#### 64 GUEST COLUMN: STEWART McLEOD

McLEOD is a multi-award-winning author of children's  
books, including P.D. the Little Prince and a number  
of other titles. Publications that appear on the cover

## ICE TIME

34 Once the repository of  
indolent Olympians,  
professional skating today is  
glitzy, glamorous—and highly  
lucrative. Its stars, including  
Canada's Kurt Browning, not only  
headline major theatrical shows,  
but also compete in a dizzying  
series of music-fair TV events.  
Merkley's takes an inside look at  
the Stars on Ice tour, which  
began its 18-show Canadian  
swing on April 11

Browning and (clockwise from left) Kristi Yamaguchi,  
Rosalyn Sumners, Ekaterina Gordeeva, Katrine Ivatt,  
Christine Hough, Natalia Anisimova and Elena Becheva



### Tobin's winning war

14 Federal Fisheries Minister  
Brian Tobin has travelled a  
long road from his first uphill election  
campaign in Newfoundland to  
battling the Spanish over tarbait at  
the United Nations General  
Assembly in New York City



### A city in ruins

20 Russian anti-bodies announced  
the capture of the last major  
rebel stronghold in Chechnya, putting  
80 per cent of the breakaway region  
under Russian control. Maclean's  
visited the devastated capital of Grozny  
last week, where Red Cross workers,  
including Canadians, offered a lifeline  
to the survivors



### Aiming for respect

46 Hundreds of Canada's 4,286  
police officers have been targets of  
on-the-job sexual harassment. Male  
cops have done everything from  
making offensive aquaduct remarks to  
grabbing and propositioning them—  
behavior that police leaders across the  
country have been trying to eliminate





# LETTERS



Crash Test Dummies:  
50,000 copies reflect a  
gold album in Canada

## 'Going strong'

Congratulations to an excellent analysis  
of the Canadian music industry  
("Canadian rock explodes," Cover, March  
27). The only inaccuracy was in recognizing  
that last year, a record label (RCA) by Cana-  
dian artists sold more than 5,000 copies each.  
The figure should be 50,000 copies, which  
reflects the sales level at which gold albums  
are certified.

Brian Eshelton,  
President, Canadian Recording  
Industry Association,  
Toronto

I was disappointed to see Saskatchewan ex-  
cluded from your cross-Canada music map.  
We're not Cape Breton or Vancouver.  
But we have produced Colin James,  
The Waltons, Betty Sainte-Marie, Jona  
Medved and The Northern Pikes—and we're  
still going strong.

Melanie Amos,  
Saskatoon, SK

## Building details

As the former minister responsible for  
Canada Post from 1987 to 1990, I was in-  
vited to read your story outlining the reputa-  
tion of the six of Canada Post and by impli-  
cation all those who participated in the  
decision to have a new headquarters built.  
("The fall of an Ottawa empire," Canada,

March 20). Canada Post's headquarters  
building was old and in need of major repairs,  
and headquarters staff was spread over some  
16 different locations in Ottawa. The most  
economical procedure was to seek out a real  
estate developer to build, own and manage a  
building as the existing Canada Post site,  
which Canada Post would then lease. Several  
developers were approached and the proposals  
received were evaluated by external real  
estate and financial experts by the board of  
directors, only two of whom were members,  
and, finally, by Treasury Board officials who  
reviewed and approved the entire transaction.  
It is accurate to suggest that type of process  
was corrupt or for that matter corruptible.

Bernie Lake,  
Calgary

## Heavy burdens

I am tired of being viewed as a pariah be-  
cause of my race. I am a black child. Because  
my husband and I chose not to as-  
sociate with our child in great need to be  
taught, and around those to educate her  
in the local public school ("Schooning the  
disabled," Education, March 27), we are often  
cast for overlooking the system. But what  
about the sexually, physically or mentally  
disabled children? Many times, their needs for  
education are often overlooked. What about  
the children learning English as a second lan-  
guage at taxpayers' cost? My child is not the  
same that broke the teacher's back.

Melanie Amos,  
Richmond, B.C.

## Many sad tales

Regarding your article "A mother's tragic  
tale" (Life, March 26, 1), I had a son  
who was diagnosed as being schizophrenic.  
He has since died—a tragic accident in the  
Toronto subway. One time, we had to truck  
him into admitting himself into hospital—as  
sick as he was, we could not do it for him.  
The times did not change.

Betty Strick,  
Windsor, Ont.

I, too, am a mother with a tragic tale. In  
1962, my daughter committed suicide. I  
have never been so scared or depressed as  
my life as during the five years that my  
daughter was ill. The laws in British Colum-  
bia pertaining to involuntary admission to  
a psychiatric facility are similar to those in  
Ontario. When I approached a physician as a  
distracted mother, I was simply termed as  
an interfering mother and then dismissed.  
The Royal Canadian Mounted Police told  
me that their hands were tied during a crisis  
situation, and—like Rosalita Vadascelino in  
your article who had a similar experience  
seeking her son—I switched to psychiatry  
when they took my daughter to a shelter for  
the night, rather than help her get the medi-  
cal attention she required. Allowing services  
themselves to go unattended and turning a blind  
eye to families in crisis in the sense of indi-  
vidual rights and freedoms are issues that  
must be addressed.

Jeanne Giesse,  
Burns Lake, B.C.

### CLARIFICATION

The March 20, 1992, issue of *Maclean's*  
contained an article six pages 18 to 19  
entitled "The fall of an Ottawa empire" and an  
introduction to the article on page 1. The  
article suggested that Georges Clement  
now President of Canada Post Corporation  
established a conspiracy in the state at his  
own, but the company was somehow  
connected with the construction by Perre  
Corporation of the new headquarters of  
Canada Post Corporation in Ottawa and that  
the funds received by the company from  
Perre Corporation were sought or used other  
than at the proper business of the company.  
Maclean's did not intend to suggest and  
retracts any suggestion that Mr. Clement  
established the conspiracy, that he was  
connected with the company, that it was  
established for any improper purpose or that  
the funds received by the company from  
Perre Corporation were sought or used other  
than at the proper business of the company.

Maclean's publisher wishes to state that letters may  
be edited for style and clarity. Please reply to the  
editorial department at the address below. Letters  
to the Editor: Maclean's magazine, 757 Bay St.,  
Toronto, Ont. M5R 1A7 Tel: (416) 593-7226  
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# WHAT'S your BUSINESS ADVANTAGE?



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David Dixon, Chairman of Microsoft & Document  
Chris Ideker

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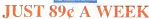
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Cont. No.

Figure 1 consists of two horizontal timelines. The top timeline is labeled 'Experiment 1' and has a single point labeled 'T1'. The bottom timeline is labeled 'Experiment 2' and has two points labeled 'T1' and 'T2'.

GST not included in Quebec. GST 6.25 (GST 0.1% added only in Newfoundland) (Nov. 24, 1995)

CLIP & NINE

# OPENING VOTES



Williams: An American sport he needs to define in Canada

## A LEGEND HITS AGAIN

A new era's pastime has truly become one of Canada's most visible sports. First, the Toronto Blue Jays went back to work. Then, in mid-June, one of baseball's greatest hitters has come north to publish his thoughts on the game. Former Boston Red Sox great Ted Williams told Maclean's that when he was contacted by New Minns, N.B., writer Jan Phinix, he agreed to help her write a book that profiles many of baseball's greatest hitters. Said Williams: "Am pushed hard and wanted to do it in Canada." *AM* Last was released in Canada last February by Toronto-based 360Media Publishing, which is now looking for a publisher in the United States. Williams may have had another reason for feeling comfortable with a Canadian publisher. In 1959, he founded a fishing lodge near Blainville, N.B., and has spent many summers there fishing for Atlantic salmon. Williams, who was the last player to bat 400 in a season, is also preoccupied by the strike that has shut professional baseball down since last August. "It makes me sick to think that the owners and the players can't get together," said Williams. "They're not the same." But then, fans may have more time to read about their hero.

## COMING UP MOSES

Growing up poor in Montreal's St. Urbain Street, Moses Zauser and his \$200 in bar mitzvah gifts to buy a television set for his family. Forty years later, Zauser who does that the movie president at Toronto's City TV is still beset by the (the can be set straight by a three-hour CBC special this Sunday night called *777: The Trispartite Revolution*. Co-written and hosted by Zauser, the show is his Canadian valentine to the medium that has been his life-work and passion. Not surprisingly for a man whose initials appear all over his City/Mach Music productions, including his personal MTV moments, one scene features the young



Zauser: A trispartite revolution to TV



## SPOKERED

Moses taking delivery of his unusual set. (The occasional to TV's bar mitzvah ceremony was a CRTC licensing in Edmonton this week looking into his purchase at Alberta's educational Access channel from the previous lot). In fact, Zauser has been so busy expanding his broadcast empire—first finding an independent version of MuchMusic and launching his new arts channel, *80000*—that 777 is three years late arriving on the air. Says CBC executive George Anthony: "I've said to Moses over the years, 'Gee, it would be great to get this on the air before everybody's dead.'"

Manitoba Premier Gary Filmon, campaigning for the province's April 26 election, instead as he lived up a tough shot to the corner pocket in a Winnipeg garage (left), but when the 40-year-old leader avoided his way most likely passing in front of a bank of old machines, they jumped into the background to silence the controversial backdrop (right). NDP leader Gary Doer said the premier's shot was good money to be spent. Drawing parallels of \$100 million added to the provincial purse will allow the government to produce in full balanced budget in two decades. "They want to give the impression that they balanced the budget with a shifty hand on the financial files," said Doer. "But actually, the tax was balanced by garbage trucks on the road machine." And the NDP, along with the Liberals, hopes that the incident has Filmon behind the night.

## TURBOT ON THE RIDEAU

In the midst of the Canada-Spain fish war, at least one Ottawa restaurant has discovered that fish politics can also be good business. The Clair de Lune at the capital's popular Byward Market is doing a booming trade serving turbot to tourists who appear to have suddenly developed a taste for the once obscure bottom feeder. Three weeks ago, after Canadian authorities issued a Spanish fishing vessel off the Grand Banks restaurant owner David Agard began refilling his potatos turbot à la Breigane, a seafood in tomato sauce, black olives and garlic. Now, the restaurant is offering turbot steamed in Spanish onions, but because the season for fresh turbot only lasts about a month, Agard says people who want to sample the brawny fish should quickly reserve a table in their favorite seafood restaurant. An increasing number of Ottawa residents appear to be doing just that. "We have seen three people ordering turbot last week," said Agard. And the province's turbot consumption appears. Agard added: "At least we're buying turbot that is a minimum of five or six pounds." Fisheries Minister Brian Tobin would be pleased.



Agard: The lovely fish is getting

# PASSAGES

**DEMI:** A request to the Quebec Court of Appeal by former Concordia University engineering professor Volodymyr Fabrikant, 55, to overturn his conviction for first-degree murder. Fabrikant, who complained of corruption at the engineering department of the Montreal university, killed two colleagues and fatally wounded two others in a shoot-out rampage on April 18, 1989. He delivered a 10-year sentence in 1993 and called 74 witnesses. Fabrikant appealed on the grounds that Superior Court Justice Fraser Martin, who presided at the trial, denied him the opportunity to testify.



**AWARDED:** To mirrored Alberta architect Douglas Chandler, James Bay Cree Chief Matthew Coon-Comee, 1992 Olympic bronze medalist Angela Chalmers and 11 others, the Aboriginal Achievement Awards, which recognize outstanding achievements in various fields by native peoples, in Vancouver. The ceremony was also covered by the CBC network on April 6.

**RELEASED:** From a Dutch prison after serving 28 months of a life sentence for collaborating with the Nazis during the Second World War, Joseph Kallinger, 75, a former member of the Dutch Columbia history instructor. He was convicted in 1945, but had already fled to Paraguay, Uruguay, where he arrived in Canada in 1960, collected university and government pensions while in prison but will not be extradited to Canada, government officials say.

**SEPARATED:** Actress Julia Roberts, 37, and country singer Lyle Lovett, 37, after 21 months of marriage and no children. The couple, who surprised the restaurant world by marrying in 1990, spent last week's courtship, lived a good lifestyle in a private home close, but did not mention divorce.

**DRUGS:** Eric Wright, 31, a 1990 singer known as EasyE and founding member of the group N.W.A., who stood for Nipsey W.A. Attitude, in Los Angeles, of 1990. A sensitive drug deal, he was a pioneer of a new style of rap, gangsta rap, which included the use of violence and was occasionally denounced by law enforcement officials who believed it encouraged violence against police officers.

**METHOD:** A Billingham Hill man that former Conservative cabinet minister Sinclair Stevenson searched against radio station CFBZ in St. Catharines, Ont., with an out-of-court agreement paying Stevens \$50,000.

## IN THE NAME OF THE FATHER

is a 394-page encyclopaedia, Evangelium Vitae (Gospel of Life), Pope John Paul II instructed the world's 850 million Roman Catholics to uphold church teaching against the "toxins" of abortion and euthanasia with unequivocal intent and caused a storm of capital punishment. Excerpt:

A new cultural climate is developing and taking hold, which gives even against life a new and—possibly—even more sinister character. There is a temptation to take control of death and bring it about before its time, "genitally." Such a culture of death, when it is which, brings a completely and exclusively concept of

freedom, which ends up by becoming the freedom of the "strong" against the weak who have no choice but to submit.

This nature and the extent of the punishment must be carefully evaluated and decided upon and ought not to go to the extreme of executing the offender except in cases of absolute necessity, when it would not be possible otherwise to defend society.

Abortion and euthanasia are thus crimes which no human law can declare legitimate without inculpating in conscience to allow law, instead there is a grave and clear obligation to oppose them by conscientious objection. Indeed, from the moral standpoint, it is never licit to co-operate formally in evil.

## WORD FOR WORD

## BEST-SELLERS

### FICTION

1. The Collector, Patricia Highsmith (1)
2. Our Sons, John Le Carré (2)
3. Nightfall, Brian, Tony Daniels (3)
4. A Boy's Life, Peter Miles (4)
5. Politically Correct, Bettina Starnes, James Graham (5)
6. Angels of Death, Jack Higgins (6)
7. Stephen's World, Anne Goodwin (7)
8. Steelhead, Rod Taylor (8)
9. Steel, Wendy, Schirmer Bookley (9)
10. The Crying Man, Barbara D'Amico (10)

### NONFICTION

1. Shooting the Rapids, Linda McElroy (1)
2. An Antipodean on the Moon, Oliver Sacks (2)
3. Dinner to the Sea, Jack Jacoby (3)
4. Crossing the Barriers, Gary Laporte (4)
5. Power Struggle, Seymour Mervin (5)
6. On the Take, Peter Cozzani (6)
7. Food, Susan Sontag (7)
8. Lost in the Bushes, Caroline Blackwood (8)
9. Meeting in the Burned Room, Thomas Merton (9)
10. The New Deal, Susan Pataki (10)

Compiled by Robin Barbour



Agard: An increased trial

## ORANGE COUNTY SEES RED

A California's Orange County struggles to cope with its recent bankruptcy, it is battling to avoid trying one of the most notorious criminal cases in the state's history. Charles Ng stands accused of murdering 12 people in three California County in 1985. Arraigned in Calgary in July, 1986, the 34-year-old former U.S. marine was eventually returned to California after fighting extradition for almost six years, and the case was transferred to Orange County. But while the state has agreed to defend most of the costs of prosecuting Ng, which have already hit \$8 million, the county's public defender's office says it still wants nothing to do with the case because it is antipathetic to his one-sided credit that would not be covered by the state. "This will be the most expensive trial in California history," charged deputy public defender Carl Maloney. "And we are having to anticipate a \$100 loss away." Justice may be blind, but it is rarely free.

Edited by DON PENNELL

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WestRidge  
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COLUMN



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## Not!

- not leased land
- not strata titled
- not a "club"
- not a theme development
- not septic or well
- not a trailer park
- no restrictions on re-selling
- no GIMMICKS

## A few simple ways to cure medicare

BY DIANE FRANCIS

Canadians are carried to be proud of our healthcare system, but only when it is compared with the most and inadequate care south of the border. Still, as superior as our health care is compared with our neighbor's, it needs a strong dose of medicine to cure what ails it.

The problem is that Canada's healthcare system is becoming unaffordable because it is poorly designed and because it has failed to account for changing demographics as we age. That's the bad news. The good news is that Canada's health care system can be fixed by making some simple changes, as I set out below. My scheme is faster and cheaper while maintaining so-called national standards of care and—as an added bonus—will help Ottawa and the provinces collect more taxes.

First the background. Some \$72 billion was spent on health care in 1993, the most recent year for which figures are available. The increase in health-care costs for the past two decades has outpaced inflation and population growth and simply cannot continue to do so.

Current health expenditures, of all kinds, represent \$2.40 for every adult, young and child. This amounts for roughly 10 per cent of the country's gross domestic product, the sum total of goods and services produced. By contrast, the Americans spend 13 per cent of their GDP on their health care system, and will have about 30 million Americans, or 15 per cent of the population, without coverage.

Canadians have every right to be angry when compared with Americans, but not when it comes to British or Germans, who look out considerably less on medical costs as a proportion of their countries' gross domestic product, and still have a more developed and previously older population. This has occurred because they have adapted their systems as time marched on. Here, politicians have refused to even consider other changes to the so-called health system. Even a coun-

selive, former prime minister Brian Mulroney, referred to it as a "sacred trust." So yes, however, it is a sacred trust but still must be reformed, not only to order to match the efficiency and cost of the world's best.

This can be done by first making all Canadian residents and citizens an annual taxpayer-funded health-care card complete with finger-print, photo, age, address and other identifying data. This card would enable every holder to health benefits that cards would only be issued to those who presented proof of having filed a tax return or who can show that they did not need it, such as dependent children or new residents.

Cardholders could go to any doctor or hospital they wished, but would have to "pay" by presenting these cards. Like a credit card, costs may up would be billed. But unlike a credit card, there would be as least on what could be spent if the representative appeared at a basic life physician or other government-approved practitioner. The catch is, cardholders would have to pay out of their own pockets for medical costs they accrued up to between five per cent and 10 per cent of their taxable income. If they ran up expen-

ses beyond that threshold, presumably because of serious illnesses, then the government would pick up the rest of the tab.

The idea is that the government would insure catastrophic illnesses in any given year, and Canadians would have to pay the equivalent of a deductible based on their taxable income out of their pockets until government coverage kicked in. The beauty of this scheme is that Canadians would also be allowed to insure privately the deductible portion to avoid having to fork out the five per cent or 10 per cent of their annual income.

The other beauty of this scheme is that it will reduce the current average spent on health care. This is because it will treat and other abuses and curtail overpopulation among caregivers. If consumers must bear costs out of their own wallets, they will object to needless tests, hospitalizations or procedures. They will bargain down fees and shop around for the best price.

If consumers must bear the costs, they will have to authorize payments by signing for them, which will eliminate fictitious charges being claimed by doctors and others for care that was never given. My system would enforce discipline through checks and balances. Right now, costs climb because consumers can over-demand without negative consequences and doctors can over-serve without consequences.

My system is fairer, too, because it is progressive, not regressive. What I mean by that is millaires can afford to pay more for health care than poorer Canadians, but under the existing health-care system they don't have to. Under my scheme, however, income Canadians might have a deductible of only five per cent of their income, or none at all if they are on welfare or on a pension. Also under my scheme, higher income Canadians would be on the hook for up to 10 per cent of their larger taxable incomes.

Perhaps best of all, my system would help catch tax evaders because the only way to obtain your health-care card would be to provide your own proof of income, justly why. Too many Canadians take advantage of our largesse without pulling their weight. This would catch the culprits.

Canadians' health care system is what should be proud, and health care must. Right now, both are in peril. Unless, if you haven't, justify why. Too many Canadians take advantage of our largesse without pulling their weight. This would catch the culprits. Canadians' health care system is what should be proud, and health care must. Right now, both are in peril. Unless, if you haven't, justify why. Too many Canadians take advantage of our largesse without pulling their weight. This would catch the culprits. Canadians' health care system is what should be proud, and health care must. Right now, both are in peril. Unless, if you haven't, justify why. Too many Canadians take advantage of our largesse without pulling their weight. This would catch the culprits. Canadians' health care system is what should be proud, and health care must. Right now, both are in peril. Unless, if you haven't, justify why. Too many Canadians take advantage of our largesse without pulling their weight. This would catch the culprits.

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BY JOHN DE MONT

The year was 1880 and a 35-year-old Irish Tobin badly needed advice. Got suggestions? Tobin, a cocky former rifle club jockey, Irishman, newscaster and provincial Liberal party organizer, to run in a traditionally Tory riding in Newfoundland's west coast, Tobin found that he was simply being won't as clever as certain canon fodder that Bill Rowe—his boss while Newfoundland Liberal leader and the man he had approached for advice—convincingly argued that running for the federal seat would at least raise his profile for the next provincial election. "Well, here goes nothing," a rickety Tobin said, looking back over his shoulder as he headed for the door. Then he was greeted by a foreman laying a single battered suitcase across him in a campaign that even his own party felt was untenable.

Fortunately to last week and the US Congress (assembly in New York City, it was held to receive the full range of 15 years ago with the aid of) Newfoundland's new job as argued before a federal conference that Canada was justified in holding action to curb border fishing in waters under its 200-mile territorial limit. Or with the second fishing

overfishing. He is certainly a well-served here."

Widely staff for a French and who grew up in an American air force base in Newfoundland, NM, where his father was a civilian employee. There were no hints of future glory in Tobin's early years: he was an underdog student at Memorial University of Newfoundland in St. John's, who went on to become a lighted disc jockey in Goose Bay and then later earned the nickname "Thunder Tobin" because of his charisma in the control booth of a St. John's radio station. His employee came when he assumed a newspaper ad in 1977 to become executive assistant to Rowe, leader of the Newfoundland Liberal party, which was then the official opposition to Frank Miller's Tory government. "He was a natural for the job," recalls Rowe, now a radio talk-show host, author and lawyer in St. John's. "The only complaint was that the other members of caucus thought he was too cocky, too willing to express his opinion."

Seven things never change. In 1980, Tobin entered the House of Commons after outfoxing the experts and winning his riding, now called Humber/St. Dunbar/Don Valley West, energetic and bawling with aggression. Tobin quickly

# TOBIN'S WAR

can doctor who stole the show in Canada's first war with the European Union (EU) fought a brilliantly staged new conference in which he stood alone a huge in the East River and dramatically displayed in illegally used net from the flats, the Spanish trawler that Canada seized on March 9 while it fished for turbot along the Grand Banks.

By week end, all of the threats—and the diplomatic trick work—appeared to be going off. Canada had won one ally in the transatlantic battle—particularly in Britain, where Prime Minister John Major told the British House of Commons that "Canada is quite right to take a tough line on overfishing." And an agreement seemed at hand that would end the tense dispute sparked by Canada's determination to stop European boats from catching turbot in the waters of the Grand Banks outside Canadian waters known as the new and old. The net-taking dispute last week would allow for closer monitoring and enforcement of turbot catches in the contentious area outside Canadian jurisdiction. If such an agreement is reached, it would be a clear victory for the Canadian government, which cautions that fisheries are threatening the future of one of the Atlantic fisheries still open. The chief incident a bigger share of the turbot catch for Spain, Portugal and other EU countries who argue that they have been shortchanged as quotas set by the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries Organization (NAFO).

Much as it might seem like a compromise, being down the EU appears to have done more for a Canadian parliament joined by extensive leadership and the impending Quebec referendum. And there is little doubt as to who is the hero of the hour. "Thunder Tobin" as the senator (British Ireland) press dubbed him. Last week, the Canadian fisheries minister stood in the House of Commons in Ottawa to a standing ovation from both sides of the House and goodnatured heckling by left-wing liberals who shouted "Nelson's Award" as he took his seat. As Foreign Affairs Minister Andre Ouellet, whose department is involved in negotiations for the fish pact, put it. "He [Tobin], under a lot of pressure, performed remarkably well, with a lot of skill and very, very strong



British fishermen insisting Canadian fish: public support forced the British government to side with Canada



## Canada's feisty fisheries minister wins new allies in his battle with foreign fleets

wasn't as realistic for foreign overfishing. LeBlanc's successors looked for opportunity or the will to curb so boldly. Throughout the 1980s, say Canadian fisheries minister who hoped to take action against foreign trawlers inured that the threat of trade sanctions and other diplomatic concerns always had to weigh in Ottawa. "It's a question of timing and whether the prime minister is willing or not," John Tobin, fisheries minister in the Mulroney government, told *Maclean's* last week after being asked about Tobin's willingness to sign the

triforce war. "I am convinced now this is a long-term dispute all the efforts of external allies to stop it, and Tobin is able to do it because he has [Prime Minister Jean] Chretien backing him." Though the Prime Minister has been very active behind the scenes personally telephoning European leaders in press Canada's case. And from the moment Tobin stepped onto the podium in November, 1989, his husband has been conservative. "I would not think who have to say—'the fish' is highly defined in the Commons. All of which would have been so much empty talk had Tobin not been one of Canada's most astute (and most tenacious) and a supporter during Chretien's 1988 leadership campaign. During the 1983 election, the Liberals accused their attention to get caught with foreign fishing fleets. And Tobin has taken a direct line in your fish approach last summer, he ordered the seizure of two American scallop boats fishing outside Canada's 200-mile limit, he forced American salmon boats leaving off the coast of British Columbia to pay a \$2,500 license fee, and he secured a bill through Parliament that allows Canada to seize fishing vessels overfishing under flags of convenience.

There was nothing radical about this decision to take on the EU over turbot overfishing. Tobin warned John LeBlanc, the EU's ambassador to Canada, before Christmas that Ottawa had evidence of overfishing by Spanish vessels along the nose and tail of the Grand Banks. After NAFO set a 1985 catch quota of 3,000 tons for EU boats—compared with an average of 50,000 tons annually in recent years—he personally visited London and Dublin to help shore up support for Canada's position. As it turned out, few European governments had much real sympathy for the Iberian fleets—although most were happy to leave their long boats outside European waters. "We had a fairly good deal where the European countries and some governments sided close to the talks. 'I wish Spain to stop it.'"

The EU, in fact, never knew what hit them. While Tobin played his card—portraying the Spaniards as pirates and ordering patrol vessels to seize or cut the cuts of any of their vessels fishing the disputed area—Ouellet and officials at Foreign Affairs served as the good guys who kept the diplomatic channels open as negotiations continued towards a settlement. "If we had not done our homework properly, and if we had not sustained through our diplomatic network the explanation of what we were doing and why we were doing it and so on, it could have taken rather more strong proportions," Ouellet told *Maclean's*. Never more so, perhaps, than last week, when fisheries patrol vessels continued to patrol the Grand Banks for Spanish trawlers and Tobin took his stance in the House. Under the EU membership, he very bluntly demanded French House, then EU Fisheries Commissioner and then said reporters that he should "stop believing and live up to the reality" of Spanish overfishing. Despite, looking harried, realized that Canada had gathered evidence against the Spanish fishing fleet as a prelude for extending its influence beyond the 200-mile limit.

**Tobin at New York news conference: 'we're down now' (fistily to one last, lonely, unproductive fish trawl)**

because a charter member of the Liberal Party and was behind one of the Canada's 1985 for calling Prime Minister's "fish." This same year, he lifted the floor of the Commons with a copy of the Tory party's conflict-of-interest guidelines, which he had dramatically ripped into shreds during a debate over controversy surrounding former Conservative minister Sinclair Stevens.

His breakthrough came bordered on serendipity: during one interview with the Italian *Corriere della Sera*, the former fish broadcaster learned that he could get top reporter's single a little away and printed the reporter for a permission that revealed him (his own) the his tale seemed to align as his star rose within party ranks, an attention amplified in 1988 when he was appointed chairman of the Liberal caucus.

By then, Tobin was a seasoned public performer. He had also picked up invaluable experience as parliamentary secretary to former fisheries and ocean minister Jacques LeBlanc—a position that made him privy to virtually every major policy discussion and decision affecting the Canadian fishery. LeBlanc, who became governor general on Feb. 8, also taught Tobin the value of toughness: the New Brunswick-born Ashton closed Canadian ports to Russian trawlers in 1975 and threatened to do the same to Spanish and Portuguese

But Rowan's credibility suffered a serious blow the following day as Tobin and Newfoundland Premier Clyde Wells stood on a barge directly across from UN headquarters, while a 15-metre high mass of green, grey and orange mesh—the net at the base—was suspended from a crane. Surrounded by a forest of microphones and cameras, a fisheries department officer dramatically measured the holes in the net and the liner that the Spanish fishermen allegedly used inside it. Both were far smaller than Scott's cartoonishly small eyes.

Following the North Atlantic Treaty Organization's admission that he said came from the hold of the *Boson*, Tobin switched up his rhetoric to new heights. "We're down now finally to use last, lonely unattractive trade tariff dispute on us by its flagships to the United States, saying 'sustainable' much out and down in this country's law."

In Ottawa, at least, his (former) minister clearly struck a chord. Telephone calls letters and loans supporting Ottawa's position poured into Canada's High Commissioner Fisheries along the coast of Canada's Atlantic provinces of British Columbia from their ships and at their homes. The *Daily Mail*, a London tabloid, ran a front-page editorial urging the government to back its former colony. "Oh Canada, Canada!" diagnosed Desmond Leves in *The Sunday Times*. "You slept long but you are awake once more to do as you please."

The resurgence of British sympathy pushed Major's beleaguered government to abandon its position of neutrality to acknowledge conditionally—that Canada (Britain's threatened veto prevented the EU from agreeing to Spain's demands for economic sanctions against Canada's entire Atlantic coastal fish). Ministers at week's end that public support for Canada made it unthinkable that Major would acquiesce in any retaliatory measures against "the Queen's fellow subjects."

Back at the former colony, Tobin basked in all the accolades. At a moment, the great harbor war had taken the spotlight of his own department's historic role in mis-

## No more Mr. Nice Guy

On the Grand Banks, it's no more Mr. Nice Guy. Canada as the goodly twin-stocks of world affairs has been pushed aside by a brawny Johnny Crounch—in the guise of Fisheries Minister Brian Tobin—who is off to the high seas to protect the lowly trout. While such direct and forceful action in itself may have been unexpected, more surprising is that instead of fretting about it, wondering whether they have done the right thing and worrying whether the Spanish will still like them, Canadians seem supremely delighted with themselves. "Canadians are pleased to see Canada using a little muscle to advance its own interests,"



Crounch: "It's not Canada being selfish."

says John Crounch, fisheries adviser to the previous Conservative government.

There has been a wealth of anecdotal evidence that the tough new Canadian posture has won wide support among Canadians. Bill Rowe, who runs Newfoundland's most popular open-line show on 100.9 Radio in St. John's, says he cannot recall a single caller dissenting from Tobin's decision to arrest the invader and cut the nets off another. On the Internet, news groups devoted to the discussion of Canadian politics have been flooded to thousands of denunciations of Spain and the Spanish fleet. "The type of colonialism of Spain's must stop, even if it comes to gunboat diplomacy," said one note posted from Ontario. "It's about time we stood up and be counted," another comment said.

But beyond the anecdotes, an Angus Reid

Group poll released last week showed that an overwhelming 88 per cent of Canadians supported Tobin's bold actions. John Wright, a senior vice-president with Angus Reid, says that such massive support for a government action is exceedingly rare. Not only were Canadians pleased with how Tobin has conducted himself, they were ready to sign him on. When asked whether Canada should maintain its tough line or return to what may seem a more traditionally Canadian approach stressing negotiation, 50 per cent said that Canada should not pull in its horns. (The survey of 1,000 Canadians, conducted between March 26 and March 27, had a margin of error of 2.5 per cent.)

While some observers have found the degree of patriotism out of character for Canadians, not everyone is surprised. "While serious, in the '90s, a resurgence of Canadian nationalism," says pollster Michael Adams, president of Economics Research in Toronto. "It's probably more powerful now than it's been in a very long time." Support for Tobin against the Spanish, Adams suggests, may be the international flip side of a harder new Canadian vision, born partly of the long recession, that approves of the tough fiscal measures in the federal budget and a harder line on immigration.

The issue probably gets some of its appeal, experts say, because so far no one has been hurt—Canadians still do not like violence—and because the federal government is standing up for an environmental cause. "It is the 'right' reason," says Crounch. "It's not just Canada being selfish."

It is not the first time, notes University of Toronto historian Stephen Clarkson, that Canada has stood in patriotic zeal against a perceived foreign threat. The voyage of the U.S. lobster fisherman through the Northern Passage in 1953 also aroused nationalist feelings. In that case, Canada did not have any shots across the Mohawk's bow, but sent along a Canadian lobsterer as a show of Canadian sovereignty.

Canada's usual preference for diplomacy and negotiation, Clarkson says, does not mean lack of pluck but rather an understanding that against more powerful adversaries, it can find strength by uniting with other countries. And that approach, he believes, is unlikely to change, despite the momentary possibility of Tobin's actions. "I don't think," says Clarkson, "that this is the beginning of gunboat diplomacy."

VARREN GARAGATA in Ottawa

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# Dodging the bullet

The PQ rules out a spring vote

With scarcely a month, Quebec Premier Jacques Parsona capitulated last week, surrendering at long last to the pressure of public opinion. After weeks of speculation, the Parti Québécois leader finally acknowledged the failure of his government's multimillion-dollar effort to sell independence to the province's electorate. "Quebecers are not now ready to vote for sovereignty," he told a gathering of young PQ followers as he passed to a mass census of polls showing support for the separatist option stalled below 40 per cent. Faced with those numbers, the premier all but ruled out a referendum this spring, dropping a broad hint that the vote, which he has repeatedly promised for 1995, will not take place until he falls at the ballot.

Any lingering doubts were erased the following day by Parsona's deputy, vice-premier Bernard Landry. "I don't want to be second-in-command of the Light Brigade," Landry remarked, blurring the outcome of a referendum this spring to the disaster

that awaited the ill-fated British cavalry unit that was cut down when it charged into Russian guns during the Crimean War. "Our troops don't want to be led to the slaughterhouse, but we want to keep the pressure on," continued Landry, onetime officer in the reserves. "We won't lend our supporters—and Quebec—on the road to disaster."

Both Parsona and Landry expressed hope that independence might find more support among voters next fall. Others, however, are not so sure. "What's going to change between spring and autumn?" Marie Diamond, the young leader of the central Parti Action Démocratique, wistfully inquired. "A good summer for the flix?"

What indeed? The PQ's strategists are

counting heavily on three factors. First, they are pinning yet another referendum idea, backdating already beleaguered Quebecers with more pro-sovereignty pamphlets and media advertising. They also hope that Quebecers will be more annoyed with the federal government by next fall, once Ottawa's austerity program begins to bite. Finally, they continue to anticipate a mid-year

In the rest of the country, some overt manifestation of anti-Quebec sentiment that would ignite the kind of passions that flared in the wake of the Esplanade René-Lévesque riot during the 1988 Meech Lake debate.

If events do not unfold as the PQ hopes, however, Parsona might find himself facing a more serious dilemma come autumn. While no one close to the premier is yet willing to suggest it, there are already murmurs within his party suggesting that even next fall might be too early to put the independence question to a vote. That raises the distinct possibility that Parsona may have to find a way to wangle out of his firm pledge to hold the referendum by the end of this year.



Parsona: 'not ready'

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## Ottawa's fish tale

In the land of the blind, we learn, the one-eyed man is king. And in an ocean now depleted of cod and other species, the new king of the sea is a fish with an eye in the middle of its head. What is a fisherman to do? The answer is that unlike the one-eyed man, the fisherman, the fisherman is the one fish that doesn't get eaten.



### BACKSTAGE OTTAWA

BY ANTHONY WILSON-SMITH

There lies a fish tale of another sort. Credit the Liberals with brilliantly stage-managing an international incident in which the fishing, stakes and opponent could not have been so close to their backs. The first move against Spanish fishing boats came just two weeks of the release of the federal budget on Feb. 27 and a report describing the rapid depletion of British Columbia's salmon stocks. Both were immediately seized upon by the media. The Liberals claim that Spain's wide-ranging fishing habits make it a menace among European Union members, so that solidarity among them would be best to achieve. Spain's fishery is so widely noted that the country was not at all allowed to join the EU until it agreed not to fish European waters for 10 years. And most European governments faced pressure from their own fishermen, who backed Canada.

It would be hard for Canadians of any stripe to stand against a government that was, after all, only protecting Canadian territorial integrity. Whereas the Angus Reid poll last week that showed 80 per cent of Canadians approve of the Liberal stand and the fact that everyone from Preston Manning to Jacques Parizeau would have been included in that number. And, as proof that to be good, you have to be lucky, there was the accidental benefit of the so-called untouchable Enrica Bonino, the EU fisheries commissioner who succeeded in making Canadian Fisheries Minister Brian Tobin look noble and dignified.

One of the main reasons, of course, why Canadians revelled in Tobin's stand is the Walter Mathew's with that incident in many of our otherwise placid souls to be regarded as an international bad boy rather than the world's cherub. But even when we want to be bad, we end up doing good, the theme of our fish wars did not escape its fate. In the Liberal's ongoing political agenda,

there is an important disaster here: the world's fisheries unless present debate practices are changed, will be in jeopardy. The fish catches, which usually stay only behind such topics as the Constitution and interprovincial trade talks as a parameter of interest, suddenly become the de rigueur topic of coastal conversations.

Still, it is clear that the Liberals' technique, the astute party of Lester Pearson, Pierre Trudeau and assorted efforts at world peace initiatives, rather than their new grand-chaining leadership impact on the world stage. Thus, after all, is the government that has taken a sort of leadership for dollars, dollars play in international relations by emphasizing trade over human rights, cutting speed on farm pay and making regional issues about whether we should continue over longstanding lead role in UN peacekeeping missions.

Was the Liberal strategy foolproof? Imagine if Canada had actually been obliged to back its threats with action. Would we have seen the delectable Canadian Airborne Regiment, the \$4.6 billion worth of mothballed, uncoloured helicopters, or even members of the regular military who aren't too busy driving cars or delivering press to support their less salient?

Have more of that happened, the reference question as whether the end justified the means. In short, does the outcome look as marvelous as Canadians left Spain, after all, lost in public relations terms, but globally, what is the impact of the stand? Can the fish catches in near contact to agree to Canada, in turn, gets more catches, but likely a smaller quota.

But quotas matter only inasmuch as there are enough fish to fill them. The most important outcome of Canada's actions is that international conservation measures on the oceans will now exist in practice, and not just on paper. As a result, the world will remain king of the sea for longer. And Canada, even after stood accused of fishing internationally, has just succeeded in strengthening it.

### SOLDIERS AND SUICIDE

Defence Minister David Collette ordered his department to investigate an apparent series of suicides by soldiers of the Royal 22nd Regiment in Canadian Forces Base Valcartier just north of Quebec City. At least four soldiers from the regiment have taken their own lives since January, 1994. The investigation was ordered on the same day that the government said that it will send two fresh battalions from the Royal 22nd (the 1st and 2nd) to Bosnia and Herzegovina. Canadian soldiers finishing a six-month tour of duty there.

### INSANITY RULING

An Ontario judge gave the federal government six months to revise its law dealing with the mentally insane. Justice Peter Housh of Ontario Court's general division ruled that a section of the Criminal Code, which allows those deemed insane to be held indefinitely, is unconstitutional because the rights and powers of the provinces were breached that study cases are too broad. The Ontario attorney general is considering whether to appeal.

### SOMALIA SETBACK

An independent inquiry into the actions of Canadian peacekeepers in Somalia suffered a setback before it even began when Asma Malik Doo, one of three Canadian women in the peace force in March 21, resigned. Doyle said that questions raised about her friendship with Robert Powell, a former deputy defence minister who will probably be a witness before the inquiry, had diverted attention from the investigation.

### MARCH UNDER SIEGE

Appearing before the House of Commons immigration committee, Immigration Minister Sergio Marchese was grilled over a new \$500-per-week fee that all immigrants and refugees must now pay. Opposition parties questioned the fee increase. The \$500 fee would be added to the \$100 fee for the 27 federal judges who interview, interview and even reject. Outside the Commons, March dismissed the fee as no greater than the cost of a television set.

### NO CHARGES

An independent protocol approved by the Saskatchewan government said that it would not be in the public interest to lay charges against former Attorney General Bob Mitchell, who resigned from cabinet on Feb. 29 after he identified a young offender involved in the Martinovitch sex scandal case. Former P.C. Attorney General Mitchell had not been charged with respect to Mitchell to be charged.

# Canada NOTES

## A budget and a leak

British Columbia's beleaguered New government had hoped that its good news budget would present a critical step in revealing its political fortunes after a string of scandals and embarrassments. Among the budget's highlights: a \$2.6-billion surplus (the first in six years), on one hand, a 2.6 per cent increase in spending and a plan to raise the provincial debt, which had grown from \$20 billion to \$28 billion—a 20 per cent increase—since the NDP took office in 1991. But by the time Premier Mous

roose Elizabeth Call rose to deliver her budget speech last week, her eyes welled with tears—the result of examining all night meetings with her staff and the frustration of having to read the details of her budget in that morning's Victoria Times-Colonial. The newspaper had been tipped about the bad news from an anonymous source a day before its scheduled release—something Call described as "an act of sabotage."

One of the issues that Call had to deal with during the all-night session was whether she should resign because of the budget leak. In the end, the government decided that the news did not do so because all previous reports regarding B.C. ministers' resignation were made in such circumstances centred on whether the minister or the deputy had been responsible for the leak. Premier Michael Harcourt, however, did not see the RCMP to investigate the incident, which he blamed on a "tragic" and "surreal" act which he said probably stemmed out of a "personal or political grievance."



Harcourt and Call, frustrated by 'an act of sabotage'

## A coverup?

Opposition MPs accused the federal Liberal government of a cover-up after it refused to call a public inquiry into the December 1993, execution of a deal to sell Toronto's Pearson International Airport to a private consortium. Cancelling the Pearson deal—which had been negotiated between the former Conservative government and a private business group—added a key Liberal promise in the 1993 federal election. But recently disclosed Transport Canada documents suggest that the Liberals had been advised at the time that the deal was financially sound and that cancelling it could cost Ottawa up to \$2 billion in compensation. As well, opposition MPs cited media reports that ousted businessman Jack Matthews, one of the only proponents of pri-

vatizing the airport, was saying that he had visited Jean Chretien at his Ottawa law office in 1990, just before Chretien launched his campaign for the Liberal leadership, to seek advice on lobbying Liberal MP Matthews said that at the same time Chretien had asked about the possibility of a donation for his leadership campaign. But Paul LaFarge, a lawyer at the same Ottawa firm who attended the meeting between Chretien and Matthews, said that it took place no later than April 15, 1990—making it unlikely that Chretien would ask for a contribution prior to former Liberal leader John Turner had not yet resigned. Responding to MP's questions last week, the Prime Minister said he never gave advice to anyone regarding the Pearson deal. As to whether a donation, said Chretien, "we never talked about it and [Matthews] did not give me a damn cent."

# CITY IN RUINS

## Red Cross workers provide a lifeline to war-torn Grozny

With spring warming southern Russia, the air over the plains around the shattered city of Grozny also carried the scent of a pending Russian victory in western Chechnya last week. Following intense and protracted artillery and aerial bombardments, Russian forces seized the last two major rebel strongholds south and southeast of the Chechen capital—forcing fighters loyal to Chechen President Dzhokhar Dudayev to withdraw further to the dusty sanctuary of the mountains bordering northeastern Georgia.

But even with federal forces now holding 90 per cent of a region that is roughly the size of Connecticut, Russian Defense Minister Pavel Grachev grudgingly confirmed that the rebels would fight on from the Caucasus ridge. That ensures a Russian military presence in the area—and heavy work for international aid organizations intent on helping repair the havoc caused by Russia's searing internal war. Said Irene Rasmussen, a 35-year-old Montreal-based volunteer with a Red Cross interpreter named Grusny. "The devastation has been extreme. I've had to get used to people saying such things as days were counting now victims enter their houses and could we help take away the bodies."

But removing the fallen is a job for local authorities and the military; the Red Cross and other aid organizations focus on the needs of the living. That is no easy task in a region where the war has had more to do with cities and villages and displaced hundreds of thousands of people who now lack shelter, food and water. Russian policies have added further complications to international aid efforts. In Moscow, 1,500 km to the northwest, Kremlin officials proudly acknowledge that they want Chechens whole or largely isolated before U.S. President Bill Clinton arrives in Moscow for an early May summit meeting with Russian leader Boris Yeltsin. That goal appears

close at hand. After two months of protracted fighting in Grozny, the fall of the Chechen capital in February allowed the armistice, heavy artillery and weapons of the 40,000-member federal force to move against smaller rebel strongholds just as the warmer weather began to dry the tangleproof mud on the plains around Grozny.

Last week, the clear skies over a city once literally poured into dust and rubble conveyed signs of the quickening tempo of military operations. Sobolchik-95 fighter bombers streaked through fog far to the north, and in the south, a large village 25 km northwest of Grozny that has served as Dudayev's unofficial capital for the past two months. The air also carried the dull thump and roar of artillery barrages that knocked out a mobile TV broadcasting unit that Dudayev had used to send messages of defiance to the 1.5 million inhabitants of Chechnya. The Russians announced that they had taken Gudermes, a railroad and the second-largest city in the republic, and Shikhl itself. Then, they resumed their lightning strikes on rebel hideouts withdrawing into the foothills of the Caucasus.

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Water lineup in Grozny. Above

In Moscow, meanwhile, Russian media observers and Western defense analysts alike do not expect the military advance to roll into the rocky depths of the Caucasus. Air-dropped leaflets that warned of impending bombardments unless villagers drove out armed Dudayev supporters—discussed up with prompt action if the messages were ignored—have helped speed up the Russian advance beyond Grozny. But in the mountains, according to one Western defense specialist, small-scale units of guerrillas could ambush



Russian soldier in the capital, rebels retreating to the mountainous frontier

armed vehicles. Aides to the diplomat: "The Russians are ahead of schedule in capturing key objectives and they now control the important places and communication systems crowding the republic. They are intent to go on the offensive and keep the separatist [Chechen fighters] buried up in the mountains."

The early spring and speeded-up Russian military operations have also caused problems for the International Committee of the Red Cross—the Geneva-based organization that operates on both sides of often poorly defined front lines. There are four Canadian among the 70 ICRC representatives working in Russia's volatile southern border region, and

all now have firsthand experience of the vagaries of war in the Caucasus. For one thing, the Russian advance forced the Red Cross to withdraw from a post in Shikhl, making it harder for its representatives to provide food, clothing and medical help to refugees fleeing south from the fighting. For John Wirt, 45, an Ottawa-based specialist, the fluctuations of war have disrupted plans for a project close to his heart—the distribution of some 10,000 packages from Canada each containing a child's memento, books, socks and a

warm and dry old perhaps warm to death."

Wirt spoke from a hut in Nalchik, a southern Russian town some 150 km from the Chechen border. There, from an office in a hotel that has been partly taken over by the Red Cross, he spends 10-hour days organizing a 20-kilometre fleet into convoys bound for Grozny and other places where aid is needed. Wirt has been in Nalchik for about a month, filling into an operation set up by Canadian Keesen in Mlso, a veteran Red Cross organizer who recently turned over control of the Nalchik base after spending the past three months there. While Wirt, whose wife, Laraine, is in Ottawa, will stay on in Nalchik for another three months, Mlso is awaiting another assignment. She does not expect to see her husband, Douglas, a family doctor in Calgary, until September. "In a job like this, you need a spouse who is supportive," said Mlso. "That is a staff very hard to find."

One problem facing Wirt is the attitude of some Russian bureaucrats who openly resent the presence of outsiders to what they see as a purely internal affair. Last week, Russian officials delayed a medical-aid convoy bound for Grozny for a day at a checkpoint just inside Chechnya, claiming the Red Cross had given lacked proper credentials. A sincerely offered bribe in the time-honored response to such official obstruction, but the Red Cross refuses to resort to that local custom. That leaves its representatives relying instead on non-continuing negotiations to keep the trucks moving.

Despite such delays, the aid packages continue to move, albeit along the hotel and narrow roads of the Caucasus region. In Nazran, a dusty frontier town in the neighbouring republic of Ingushetia, another Canadian relief specialist, Wilhelmine Berry Lewis, had to wait for the local railway station last week, watching over the distribution of truckloads of food aid in a hazy of several hours of rain. They represented a human wave of misery that has seen more than 100,000 people spilling over the borders to escape the fighting in Chechnya. Still, the Red Cross representatives must constantly arrive to ensure that aid from Canada and other countries ends up in the hands of genuine refugees. Said Lewis: "We've found some of the local people we have found trying to work against their own interests who might or might not really be in need."

Privately, many of the aid workers acknowledge that it is only a matter of time before black marketeers get their hands on donated items. In Grozny, a thriving street market has sprung up recently around the city square, from 100- to 200-rupee cigarettes for 50 per pack. It is a sign of continuing life in a region that has a long and tragic history of war with Russia's rulers. There is still no end in sight to the current conflict. But aid and aid workers from Canada and other countries are at least offering what they can to help people survive the usually brutal life of war that has already claimed more than 25,000 lives. □

# War and poverty

A president seeks re-election amid controversy

When Alberto Fujimori ascended through Villa El Salvador to a livable townhouse during Peru's 1990 presidential campaign, residents of the dilapidated shantytown outside Lima defied an election boycott call by leftist guerrillas and held the candidate open. The *Mujeres Sin Fronteras* had been solidifying its hold on the street slums that snub the Peruvian capital so much residents' main concern was what Fujimori, then an unknown agricultural engineer with scant government experience, could do about the armed insurrection. "He told us that his government would get rid of Shining Path," recalled Rosalinda Ruiz, a former bartender in a Lima restaurant. "And he kept his word."

Indeed, just five years after he left Lima to obscurity to win the presidency, Fujimori has nearly ended a 35-year civil war responsible for 25,000 deaths and \$28 billion in economic losses. His conservative government has also curbed out radical reforms that turned Peru's basket-case economy into one of the world's top emerging markets. Such remarkable accomplishments would be rivaled in most countries, but in Peru, one of Latin America's poorest nations, voters are surprisingly uncertain about electing 56-year-old Fujimori to another five-year term. "We've got other problems now—the poverty, the uncertainty of having a roof over our heads," said Ruiz, who now sells meat in an outdoor market. "What's important today is creating jobs, and Fujimori hasn't done much about this."

Until recently, it seemed a known conclusion that Fujimori, 49, son of Japanese immigrants, would be re-elected in Peru's April 9 general elections. Today, however, it is people like Ruiz who are proving the biggest threat to Fujimori's aim at an unprecedented second term. Opposition candidates—there are 32, led by former treasury secretary General Javier Pérez de Cuellar—have scored double among the unemployed masses with attacks on two key issues. Fujimori's alleged failure to fight poverty, which affects more than half of Peru's 24 million people, and the disastrous results of an undeclared border war has buoyed war-weary neighboring Ecuador, which continues to simmer despite a ceasefire. "Poverty and unemployment are the key issues, but the war is also supported for undecided voters,"

says Alfredo Torres of the polling firm *Ayuda*. In mid-February, with Peruvians and Ecuadorian troops clashing along a 77-km stretch of unsecured border in the northern Amazon, Fujimori's pollsters reported poll ratings hit a high of 55 per cent. By late March, however, when voters learned that more than 50 Peruvians died fighting against guerrillas in a borderland enclave known as Trogas, Fujimori's rating fell to 47 per cent, with independent Pérez de Cuellar holding

at 49. Fujimori often says that of "the chief murder officer of a company called Peru," said Luis Jacobson, author of an acclaimed biography of the Peruvian president. "There's this terrible contradiction in the way Fujimori has run his campaign until now. He speaks the language of the people and they respond to him, but he's asking more and more like an autocrat when the country is asking him to be a statesman."

While Fujimori stands by his record, opposition figures attack voters of the defunct moment of his turbulent presidency. The April 8, 1992, mid-election self-coup in which he suspended the country's elected congress as well as its judiciary, and claimed extraordinary powers. Seven months later, Fujimori's party won a minority in a two-round 10-seat congressional assembly. Fujimori justified the military-backed power grab with



Fujimori and troops near Ecuador border, use dictatorial powers and attacks by his wife

simply at about 26 per cent. If the downward trend continues as Torres and others fear, Fujimori may not win the necessary 50 per cent of the vote on April 9. He would then be forced to square off with the second-place finisher in a June runoff election. Measures of Fujimori's own astounding second-round victory in 1990 over the first-term, internationalist by accident candidate Mario Vargas Llosa, raise this so unpredictable scenario that the neighbor hopes to avoid.

Fujimori's surprising strategy has been to avoid the day-to-day grind of direct campaign—so far even someone like Ruiz plans for next five years. Instead, his route includes daily inspections of infrastructure projects and large-scale work in progress. The schedule, and the media coverage it provides, transforms the image of a working president,

claiming that a corrupt congress was preventing the war from fighting Shining Path and pushing through economic reforms. But well-outed politicians and the international community reacted with predictable outrage; surveys showed that more than 80 per cent of Peruvians supported the move at the time.

Just a few months later, Peruvian intelligence services put a limiter on Fujimori's cap by capturing Shining Path leader Abimael Guzmán. The incarceration of the bearded former philosophy professor marked the end of the seemingly unstoppable Maoist movement (its demands, nearly half the population still lives in areas under emergency rule, which allows authorities to suspend constitutional rights, including protection against search and detention without warrant) or charges and the rights of free



Lima bombing set off Maoist guerrillas

movement and public assembly. Later, unfettered by a doubling congressional opposition, Fujimori gave his troops of technicians free reign to implement a radical free-market overhaul of the Peruvian economy.

That reform, buoyed by tightened macro-economic control, have flourished. Inflation that hit an annual rate of 7,000 per cent just five years ago is expected to hover around 10 per cent this year, while GDP growth of 12 per cent in 1994 was among the world's highest. A privatization program, heralded by U.S. President Bill Clinton as Latin America's first ambition, has sent the government no more than 70 money-losing companies into private hands, generating more than \$1 billion. Meanwhile, a revamped legal code with new guarantees for foreign firms has led to a stampede of new investments: commitments in the oil and gas sector alone by the end of 1993, Canadian firms are alone played up \$37 billion. "Three years ago, you couldn't fill a key room with people interested in investing in Peru," said José López, president of Lima's small but booming stock exchange. "Today, we're not people begging down the door to get in."

Still, setbacks of reform. Like economic minister Carlos Balleza, says the job is only half done. "We've gone from hell to purgatory," Balleza said during a recent television forum. Statistics support that assessment. At least 13 million Peruvians live in extreme poverty. Some 75 per cent of adults are undernourished. Half of Lima's eight million residents live in shanty towns, many with out electricity, sewers or running water. "We need to declare a war against poverty and unemployment," says economist Pérez de Cuellar, 73. "There are things that this govern-

ment has done well, but coming for the needs of the poor are simply not been one of them."

One of Fujimori's most vocal critics has been his estranged wife, Sonia Hupachi, who denounced governmental corruption in mid-1994. The "Fujimori family feud" made headlines worldwide when the president fired his wife from the ceremonial position of first lady. He later bowed her from the presidential palace, charging that she had become a power of the political opposition. Hupachi counterattacked that Fujimori forced the constitutionally assembly to pass a bill banning presidential family members from holding elected office, allegedly to prevent her from running against him. Since being relegated to the sidelines, Hupachi has announced plans to file for divorce. But attacks on what she calls her husband's "authoritarian personality" have stuck with some voters.

While Pérez de Cuellar and his supporters hope to leave a runoff election, Fujimori appears to be confident that he will emerge victorious from the first round. The president spent a recent afternoon with visiting Japanese government officials discussing long-term investment plans that include a \$250-million hydroelectric plant for power projects in an isolated area of the Andes. But whether Fujimori is still around to see the project in 1999 is in the hands of Peru's restless voters.

LAWRENCE J. SPEER in Lima

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WORLD

## 'I'm a hostage'

One Canadian's legal nightmare in Peru

Jorge Passalacqua, a Canadian graduate student from Montreal, has spent the past seven months in a desolate Peruvian jail on dubious charges of harboring money for a Lima drug cartel. Police admit there is no evidence against him. The government's only witness is jailed on fraud charges. Even alleged members of the cartel have testified on his behalf. Nevertheless, Passalacqua, 31, remains in custody. "I'm a hostage of Peruvian justice," he says. "I lack the evidence of being at the wrong place at the wrong time."

While President Alberto Fujimori's personal attention has ensured economic progress and a successful war against Shining Path guerrillas, he has not had the same success in his stated aim of reforming Peru's notoriously ineffectual judicial system. Endangered police demand bribes for favorable rulings. Overworked prosecutors have a backlog of some 350,000 cases. And as Passalacqua's journey from the backwoods hills of Morúa University to the third cells at Lima's Luján prison illustrates, Latin America's traditional vices of bureaucratic corruption and legal uncertainty continue to plague Peru.

Passalacqua, a naturalized Canadian citizen who moved to Montreal with his family 18 years ago, arrived in Lima last April to do his master's thesis in Spanish studies and work as Peruvian fiancé, Patricia León. In June, he temporarily took over Taxisman Travel, a travel agency and courier service owned by his father. It was there that Passalacqua met Lucas Tijero, a regular customer who was arrested last August for holding a major cocaine magnate drug police surrounded Passalacqua to their headquarters after finding the travel agency's phone number in Tijero's address book. Other Taxisman personnel simply ignored summonses to appear. But Passalacqua, admittedly naive about Peru's judicial system, presented himself to police, ostensibly to answer questions about alleged controversial transactions Tijero conducted at Taxisman. To his

astonishment, he was arrested and sent to Luján.

Today, Passalacqua's life is a struggle to avoid the drug traffickers and murderers who rule the prison's sweltering courtyards and stinking cell blocks. Peru's worst. His efforts have not been entirely successful: a drug-crane inmate recently stabbed Passalacqua in the right shoulder with a nail. A job in the prison hospital provides some respite, but his lawsuit on the new danger of vicious prisoner carrying



Passalacqua and father Luis: no evidence against him

everything from leprosy to tuberculosis, typhoid fever and AIDS.

On April 5, a judge in Lima is set to decide whether there is sufficient evidence for Passalacqua's case to go to trial. But because the police themselves have conceded in a report to judicial authorities that there is no evidence of wrongdoing on the Canadian's part, defense attorney Carlos Muente says that he is hopeful his client's ordeal may soon come to an end. Such is not the case for as many as 4,000 of Luján's 5,000 prisoners still awaiting trial. "Peruvian law technically induces the presumption of innocence, but the reality is different," says Muente. "Our judges aren't independent enough to release anyone without being told to do so."

LOWRENCE J. SPEER in Lima

## World NOTES

### WINNIE MANDELA RIES

South African President Nelson Mandela find his estranged wife as a deputy minister in his government. Winnie Mandela, who has been an outspoken critic of the post-apartheid administration, traveled to Windhoek in February in defiance of a presidential order. She is currently under police investigation for suspected fraud and misuse of public office.

### PAPAL CONTROVERSY

Pope John Paul II issued an encyclical letter in which he vehemently urged all Catholics to oppose abortion and euthanasia. The 104-page document provoked outrage from pro-choice organizations and women's rights groups, which accused the 74-year-old pontiff of being out of touch with modern life.

### A SURPRISE WITNESS

At the G. J. Simpson double murder trial, prosecutors said they plan to produce a witness who claims to have seen the accused standing by a trash can at Los Angeles International Airport before his late-night flight to Chicago after the killing of his ex-wife and her friend. Prosecutors are suggesting that two pieces of luggage Simpson loaded at his home are missing and that he discarded potentially incriminating evidence at the airport.

### PLAY BALL!

A U.S. district court judge paved the way for the possible return of major-league baseball this spring by ruling on injunction forcing team owners to restore the old rules on salary arbitration and competitive bidding for free agents, among other issues. The players' association responded by calling off its dogs. The owners went meeting on Sunday to determine whether to go ahead with a scheduled season using replacement players starting that evening or to call that plan off and prepare for a resumption of regular baseball next week.

### A GRISLY DISCOVERY

The police found the dismembered remains of two missing Canadians on the holiday island of Phuket. The passports of Sheila Desautels, 49, and her son Dan, 22, of Victoria were discovered in the possession of John Martin Scorgie, a Briton in custody in Singapore on charges of murdering a South African there.

### REPUBLICANS LOSE VOICE

The U.S. House of Representatives rejected congressional term limits, handing the Republicans "Control with America's first big setback after eight straight victories since January.



**A FORCE FOR PEACE:** Canadian soldiers arrive in Haiti, part of a 6,000-member UN force from 16 countries that officially took over from U.S. troops on March 31. An ceremony attended by UN Secretary General Boutros Boutros Ghali, U.S. President Bill Clinton assured Haitians that President Jean-Bertrand Aristide's government, the United Nations and the United States would do all they could to guarantee free and fair elections in the violence-ravaged country this year.

## The search for the cultists

A Japanese police began a sixth day of searches at the Aum Shuun Kyō (Shinryō) 1980 sect's sprawling complex at the foot of Mount Fuji, a masked gunman shot and seriously wounded senior police Chief Tokuyasu Kamekura outside his Tokyo home. Coincidence? The deadly cult is under investigation for a March 20 terror gas attack on the Tokyo subway system that killed 10 people and paralyzed 5,000. In almost identical messages to two Japanese television networks, separate anonymous callers said Kamekura was shot on behalf of the sect.

Although police did not rule out the involvement of gangsters in the suspected murder, they continued to focus on the secretive Aum sect. Police sources confirmed that a suspect was under way for 100 legislative members—many of them university graduates with advanced degrees in organic chemistry, biology

and genetic engineering. Meanwhile, authorities in Moscow charged down on the 30,000-member Russian chapter of Aum, freezing its bank accounts and conducting probes.

## Rwanda redux?

As many as 50,000 Hutus in Burundi fled the capital, Bujumbura, and hundreds of Westerners fled home. They apparently found a replica of the ethnic genocide that killed as many as one million people, most of them Tutsis, in neighboring Rwanda last year. The exodus followed the worst violence in Burundi in 20 months, when Tutsi guerrillas killed at least 800 Hutus on March 28. Rwanda and Burundi are each roughly 80 per cent Hutu and 15 per cent Tutsi. Hutu workers and UN officials in Burundi say they do not expect killings on a Rwandan scale, but no one rules out the possibility.



# TO HOOK A NATION

## Telephone and cable firms vie to wire homes

The young realist fostered in a video demonstration for the Canadian Radio-television and Telecommunications Commission sounded like a typical music student. He scribbled and scribbled his way through practice until his mother reminded him that it was time for his lesson. Instead of having lessons, the boy switched on a television and "tut" his teacher in a two-way talking. According to the telephone companies that produced the video, such interactive music lessons are among the services that will one day be available on

the information highway—an idea as the CRTC gives them the green light. "The next five years will be the most important period of change in the history of this critical Canadian industry," Bell Canada president John McEwen told the commission, which ended a month-long hearing on new communications services in Hull, Que., last week. "Do not build back the telephone companies or any other potential competitor. There is much to be done."

Canada's cable television industry was quick to take issue with the telephone companies' stance. Ted Rogers, the president of

Rogers Communications Inc., which includes MuchMusic among its many holdings, stirred the commission's ire by becoming too controlled by the "wireless-freedom" agenda. "My experience over the years," said Rogers, who added for his own idea about the future, "is that evolution is much more likely than revolution. And these things always take a lot longer than you expect." He added that the most dramatic change he expects in the future is that people will ultimately spend as much time on their home computers as they now spend watching televi-



Scene from music-lesson video, Bell Canada's Montreal headquarters (left), the country's largest phone company. Bellstar offers services for its plan to cost 35,000 jobs in three years

sion. "It's going to take time—like a couple of generations," said Rogers, "before their being comfortable with computers is going to develop into relevant for us." Differences of opinion between the telephone and cable companies are nothing new, of course, but in the past it has usually been the cable industry that has led the charge for new services and reduced regulation. That time, however, it is the telephone companies that are pouring millions of dollars into the future, while the cable companies drag their heels. The reason for the switch is that the same now before the CRTC is the telephone giant's desire to break into cable—a request that, if successful, would set the stage for an aggressive David and Goliath battle for dominance in the coming era of home-based interactive communications.

Meanwhile, the list of candidates continues to grow from the first major competitor: cablevision. Bell Canada's plan to launch its 45,000-member Bellstar and Quebec-wide by 16,000 people over the next three years. Bell employees are the target to take a hit in the war that broke out

in 1992 when cable and other communications companies began full-blown competition with the telephone company. Now both are blooded and bruised in some cases, profits are falling, in others, losses are mounting. And both industries are rushing to slash jobs in order to lower costs. Meanwhile, some observers say that consumers should not expect much from the latest CRTC hearing. "This is merely a reshuffling of the Canadian telecommunications pie by the telephone and cable company elites," said telecommunications analyst Susan Lloyd. "It's a reshuffling of revenues. The only difference this is going to make to consumers is where they send their cheques."

Still, most analysts say that the telephone and cable companies are almost certain to get the go-ahead for their planned assault on the cable industry, because their request fits with the commission's recent preference for competitive over regulation. As a result, before the end of the decade the telephone companies will likely begin offering a selection of television channels similar to those now available from local cable companies. Initially, the telephone companies would offer that new service by using the cable companies' existing network of coaxial cables, just as the long-distance companies now use the telephone companies' local wires.

By using Rogers' line, existing channels, for example, by grouping the acts or sports channels together and offering them as a single-price package—the telephone companies would try to lure away those customers dissatisfied by the cable industry's offerings. In the long term, as the competition heats up, the two industries would likely offer a variety of interactive services, including home banking, home shopping and video-on-demand channels—perhaps even interactive music lessons.

But the real target of the telephone companies is the business market, where the telephone companies believe they can tap lucrative new sources of revenue. In turn that money will be needed to help pay the \$8 billion that the telephone companies estimate it will cost them over the next 15 years to upgrade their lines and to construct the entire new TV phone and cable network across the country.

The heavy cost of building these net-

work links is coming at a time when the revenues of both telephone and cable companies are under pressure. Bell Canada's profit fell to \$722 million last year from \$811 million in 1990, the year that long-distance competition began. McEwen predicted last week that the company will drop to \$600 million by the end of this year. The same pattern for the decline is the recent rapid plunge in long-distance rates.

At United Communications Inc., the long-distance company owned by Rogers' Cordell Pacific Ltd. and U.S. phone giant AT&T, the situation is even more grim. United, the largest of the country's 150 long-distance competitors, lost \$209 million in 1991. Rogers holds an option to purchase CTS 50 percent stake in United, which he says he will exercise by April 28 if the company can reduce its costs. He told the CRTC hearing on March 23 that United's recent cost-cutting measures are beginning to show results. But Rogers said that United, which has reduced its own workforce by about 1,000 people to 2,000, will never be profitable without rate changes that will reduce its revenues. It pays the telephone companies for the use of their long-distance lines.

Although the experience in the long-distance market has cost both new and old telephone companies money, others remain enthusiastic about the benefits of competition. Joe Morrison, spokesman for Friends of Canadian Broadcasting, says that Canadian services and program creators will benefit. Morrison estimates that only 12 cents of every dollar that Canadians pay to their cable companies is passed along to program creators. "It," he said, "there is no only one distributor, one application—the cable company—to get to the viewer, that distribution system has a lot of power. If there is another route to get to the consumer, it will put more bargaining power in the hands of the viewer."

But as the CRTC hearing wrapped up last week, one big question remained: how much more money will Canadians pay for these new communications products and services? When the CRTC introduced long-distance competition, it assumed that lowering the U.S. long-distance rates, lower telephone rates would encourage consumers to spend more time on the phone. That, in turn, would result in total long-distance revenues holding steady or even increasing. With competition in the cable television business, however, there is little expectation that rates will drop significantly, or that revenue will increase. And if Canadians have to be willing to pay for content lessors at home, that could have serious implications for those who want to enter the information highway. Both telephone and cable companies have reasons to worry if they build it, consumers might not come.

BRUNDA LAMZ/STL



# How safe are the minivans?

I was an automaker's worst nightmare—a horrific crash that raised serious questions about the safety of one of North America's most popular family vehicles. On a highway just outside of Coloford, Ont., in early March two young children died when the seat to which they were strapped was thrown out the rear door of a Dodge Caravan that had been struck by two other minivans. The accident was the latest in a series of tragedies that have focused attention on the reliability of rear door latches on Chrysler minivans. Last week, bowing to intense public pressure, the automaker volunteered to replace the rear-door latches in as many as 4.5 million vans—every Caravan, Plymouth Voyager and Chrysler Town and Country built between 1994 and 1994. Chrysler's offer lapsed as a 16-month investigation of minivan safety by U.S. regulators. The unexpected announcement may also have cooled a growing storm with consumers. Said Sam Lapan, general manager of the Craig Hall Dodge Chrysler dealership in Scarborough, Ont.: "We don't feel the vehicle is defective, but we do want to be sure our customer concerns are met."

In Canada, Chrysler minivans continue to be the subject of Transport Canada investigations. Transport Canada information officer Robert Greenblatt told *Maclean's* that, while a recall of minivans is

## Facing owners' concerns, Chrysler attempts to win back their trust



Rear latch of 1994 Plymouth Voyager: an offer to replace 4.5 million parts

still possible, door-latch failure has been discounted in the 12 investigations. In dozens of cases, the latch was not the problem. Two other investigations are ongoing, including one into the Coloford accident. For his part, Chrysler Canada spokesman Walt McCall said that "a recall is not likely," and added that even a stronger rear latch would probably not have prevented the Coloford accident. McCall also noted that in at least some of the other accidents, rear-seat passengers were not wearing belts, and the seats, which are removable, had not been properly reinstalled by owners.

Nevertheless, the attention given to the deaths of the two three-year-olds in the Coloford accident was clearly a turning point for Chrysler in the battle for public confidence. After receiving media coverage in Canada, reports of the crash were broadcast by U.S. television networks, in the two days after the crash, Chrysler canceled 28 separate U.S. media reports. The decision to replace the latches

voluntarily came three weeks later, even though the company had previously insisted there was no need for such a change. Installing new latches is expected to cost Chrysler about \$70 per minivan and the total cost to the company could reach more than \$300 million. Chrysler earned \$5.2 billion worldwide in 1994 on sales of \$73 billion. In the United States, the National Highway Traffic Safety Adminis-



Accident scene in Coloford, Ont.: the latest in a series of tragedies

tration announced that it was satisfied with Chrysler's voluntary recall—although the U.S. watchdog added that it will monitor the replacement program to ensure that the majority of vehicles are upgraded. The American agency has spent the past 18 months investigating 79 Chrysler minivan accidents, involving 87 injuries, 26 deaths and 66 injuries. By voluntarily offering to install new latches, the automaker avoided having to acknowledge a safety problem. That may prove critical in future court cases, according to *The New York Times*. Chrysler faces 15 product liability lawsuits arising from reported rear-latch failures in the United States.

The controversy over rear latches centers on the berths of a busier year at Windsor, Ont.-based Chrysler Canada. The company leads the field in minivan sales, with two-thirds of its North American

production coming from a Windsor assembly plant that runs three shifts a day, seven days a week. Last year, Chrysler sold 71,000 minivans in Canada, well ahead of the 52,000 sold by Ford Motor Co. of Canada Ltd. and General Motors of Canada Ltd.'s 44,000. Despite the many similarities between those vehicles, there are differences in rear-latch design. GM and Ford each make more models of minivans with two rear latches, while Chrysler's models all have one, in the centre of the door.

To ensure that minivan sales do not slump, dealers control minivans at Chrysler Canada are now in overdrive. Two-page ads ran in newspapers last week, and, on Friday, the company mailed letters to more than 500,000 Canadian minivan owners and set up a toll-free telephone line to answer questions about the availability of new latches. Dealers say these minivans should help owners and buyers who were confused by last week's announcement. The company is anxious to reassure buyers, for example, that the new, stronger latches have all ready been fitted in original equipment in 1995 model-year Chrysler minivans, which have been in showrooms since October. And the 1996 models, which are scheduled to go on sale in July, feature an entirely redesigned rear door.

Replacement of the old latches is expected to take up to a year, as suppliers struggle to meet the unexpected demand. Last week, Lapan said that sales at his Scarborough lot are steady and Chrysler minivans still account for about 30 of the 100 cars and trucks he sells in an average month. Added Kim Benstead, sales manager at Winnipeg's French (a Dodge Chrysler Ltd.), "Initially, we had a lot of calls that's now down to just a few. People seem to be comfortable with what is being done." To fully restore consumer faith, however, the campaign will have to demonstrate that its minivans can steer clear of further accidents.

ANDREW WILLIS



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# Business NOTES



**PEUGEOT'S LATEST:** French automaker Peugeot unveiled the 505 in Paris last week. Powered by fuel-injected engines, the two-seater is capable of a maximum speed of 70 km/h with a range of 70 km before refueling. The company did not announce a release date or price.

## Bramalea folds



Mervyn Bramalea

The slump in the commercial real estate industry chased another victim last week when Mr. Justice Lloyd Bramalea of the Ontario Court's general division gave Bramalea Inc., which is under court bankruptcy protection two months in which to sell off its prime properties. The company proposes to sell or give back to its creditors all but 13 of its buildings, which he lists: Vancor over a Blyth Village Mall, Calgary's Southcentre Mall and Toronto's Yorkdale Shopping Centre. The judge ordered Bramalea's creditors to contribute \$5 million to keep the company afloat for two more months while it disposes of the properties. Although the lawyer for an industry group objected to the plan, Bramalea said he did not want to agree the interests of Bramalea's employees. "We're in a desperate situation tonight," the judge added. "And I don't feel I'm imposing any

great penalty." Bramalea, president Mervyn Bramalea says that the company expects to pay off about 700 of its 1,500 employees after the properties are sold. About \$25 million of the combination loan creditors will be used to pay severance packages. The Toronto-based broker and shopping mall developer has debts of about \$53.5 billion and assets of about \$4.2 billion.

## Inflation watch

Bank of Canada Governor Gordon Thomson appears to be giving worried about inflation—which means that Canadians may soon have to worry about higher borrowing costs. Spending to a Senate committee last week, Thomson said that inflationary pressures are now building in the economy. As a result, he said, the central bank will be "particularly vigilant" in using tighter monetary policy—in other words, higher interest rates—to keep prices stable. Facing to interest recent signs of inflation, the governor noted that Canada's economy was growing at an "unsustainable" annual rate of 5.8 per cent in the fourth quarter of 1994, prices of commodities are increasing, and the Canadian dollar remains weak on international currency markets.

## THE BIGGEST BANK

Mississauga Bank and Bank of Tokyo announced last week that they are planning a merger that would create by far the world's largest bank. With assets of more than \$1 trillion, the bank would be twice as large as Canada's five largest banks combined. The two Japanese banks said they hope to complete the merger by April, 1996.

## CHANGE AT THE CAISSE

Jean-Claude Delorme announced that he will resign as chairman of the Caisse de dépôt et placement du Québec, the city's most powerful investment fund. The citizen, which invests the pension money of Québec government employees, suffered a loss in the value of its investments last year. Its portfolio is now worth \$44.8 billion, compared with \$47 billion a year earlier. Québec's Parti Québécois government is expected to name another chief operating officer. Jean-Claude Delorme is Delorme's replacement.

## GRACE UNDER FIRE

Perdue chemical firing W. R. Grace & Co. revealed that the March 2 resignation of its former chief executive, A.P. Delaney, was due to allegations that he sexually harassed at least two women. The case is believed to be the first in North America in which harassment complaints resulted in a CEO's resignation. Boston, 66, has denied the allegations.

## BLUE LIGHT

Labour Ministers of Canada warned last week that it may have to close some businesses if electricity base consumption does not increase. "If electricity usage is not increased, we will have to close some of the businesses in the power market in Canada," says Jean-Pierre Gauthier, a senior advisor. The Toronto company now operates nine plants across the country, employing 4,000 people.

## ON FOR SALE

Federal Transport Minister Doug Young and his top aide to start before mid-April the lead negotiator for the planned privatization of Canadian National Railways. Analysts say that if the company were sold off in its entirety, it would likely fetch between \$1.5 billion and \$2.5 billion. A public offering is expected by October 1995.

## SELLING SONY

Whispering winter General Inc., which currently owns 51 per cent of Sony of Canada Ltd., has agreed to sell its interest to Sony Corp. of Japan for \$207 million. General became Sony's first Canadian distributor of transistor radios in 1955.

## THE NATION'S BUSINESS



# Will this Tory meeting be the last goodbye?

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

The next general convention of the Progressive Conservative Party of Canada, planned for May, June, just weeks away, on April 29, could be its last. Party stalwarts have been putting tremendous pressure on delegates to attend this first, post-Charlton election meeting at a show of strength. Instead, it may turn out to be a demonstration of weakness.

After weeks of high-pressure tactics from the party's national office in Ottawa (which itself has been reduced from 70 to 11 staffers), fewer than 500 delegates have agreed to attend. The potential delegate rolls list 4,300 people. About 3,000 of these are the faithful of the party, the representatives of Parliament's 285 constituencies across the country. The other 1,300 are the so-called ex-officio delegates: senators, MPs, elected candidates and the party's top brass in charge of policy, organization and future planning.

At this point, the situation is further complicated by the fact that several senior Tories have taken out delegate badges—presumably for the sake of good internal public relations—while telling their friends that they have no intention of showing up. Of late, Macdonald's "discretionary cabinet," as far as hotel reservations have been received only from Don Menzies' office, Bill McKnight, Tom Siddons, Elaine MacKay, Alan Rochow and John Cranley. Many other former PC cabinet ministers, such as Bob Corbin and John Jupp, can't properly attend because they were appointed to patronage jobs while the Ottawa bureaucracy, but the cadre of 32 Tory senators is expected to be heavily represented.

The vice of the party's finances is no bad that no one in common how the convention will be held. More disconcerting still is the fact that as of last month no one had been willing to contest the party presidency to replace the retiring Senator Gerry St. Germain. So far, last senator Tories—most

*The party could be in the embarrassing position of having to find a volunteer to become leader. So far, there aren't any.*

emerge Charles Meyer and Dorothy Dobbin, John McDaniel of Ontario and Nova Scotia Peter McCord—have been approached to run for the job, but all have refused to let their names stand. It goes worse. No one has stepped forward to contest any of the other party offices, with the exception of Bob Priddy, a Toronto executive with the CRTC, who is expected to be named party treasurer by acclamation.

The main item on the agenda will be a lead campaign review. David John Charney, who has been carrying the banner in an acting capacity, is confirmed in the post, the status quo—plus it is—will have been preserved. If Charney is not confirmed, the Tories could well find themselves in the embarrassing position of having to find a volunteer to stick in to the job. So far, there aren't any. In the last set of public opinion polls, the once-powerful party's approval rating at seven to nine per cent, barely above the zero.

About the only consensus among disaffected Tories at the moment seems to be that they could sweep the country in the next election if they could sweep the party. Ralph Klein to become their leader. Before this happens, at least three obstacles still have to be

overcome. The first is that the Alberta premier has said over and over again, both on and off the record, that he has not the slightest interest in going federal. More to the point, his wife, Colleen, has gone public with her invitation to Ralph, should he take the job, to visit her in Calgary. Lundy, as popular as he is as the man in the room, the fact that Klein's version of federalism is English and bourgeois isn't help him much in Quebec.

The Tories received 25 million votes in the last general election, but they've gone into a slide ever since. There remains an almost ugly deep well of anger directed against Brian Mulroney among party members for leaving the party in its current lurch. Surprisingly little of that disillusionment has rubbed off on Kim Campbell, who took the party over and led it to slaughter in the autumn of 1993.

Typical of the reaction around the country to federal Conservatives is an incident made up David Hamilton, a former Manitoba Tory MP, who recently offered his help to form local Conservatives organizations. He's asking for the April 25 provincial election. His gesture landed with a resounding thud. The question asked, as if on cue, was: "What's he doing, walking away, with him? 'Don't call us, we'll call you' immediately to Hamilton."

Although Charney has been doing his best to be seen and heard, with only one MP in the Commons, his party gets virtually no publicity and with the threat of being in the recent by-elections, few observers grant the Conservatives any significant odds for re-election. There is also an execution policy in place. In fact, Charney's minister is noticeably refusing him not to let forward any good ideas—even if he has any—since the Liberals said there before the next election.

About the only firm action on the convention agenda at the moment is a review of the report on restructuring the party prepared by Edmonton lawyer Rosanne Bennett and Pierre Parizeau, an Ottawa-based lawyer and former director of the party who was fired in 1994. The plan would turn the country for the past year, looking for hints on how the Conservative party ought to restructure itself.

It is almost unbelievable that the political movement which founded this country and which, in the 185 years it should reach this degree of organization. Of the two Tory provincial governments that remain in power—Alberta's of Gary Filmon's in Manitoba—only Kim's appears to be able to pose, and his level of conservatism has led to its loss with its federal counterparts.

The Conservative Party is now the question of whether Premier Manning's leadership can permanently take over the right-of-center political territory in national politics. That remains an open question, but the most political commentators have all of their fingers crossed that the party may have a brief existence. That may now also be true for the historic Progressive Conservative Party of Canada.

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Professional figure skating has become glamorous, glitzy and very lucrative

# ICE TIME

**P**aul Wylie is no dummy. The American figure skater, who won the silver medal at the 1992 Olympics, also has a bachelor's degree from Harvard University and had been accepted into the university's valedictorian school. But late last year, faced to decide between the security of an Ivy League law degree and the mercurial life of skating, he did not flinch: He chose skating.

Before then, skated over and over in endless ice sessions, the Olympian had muscled himself into being not suffering from a case of around development. "Finally, I would be responsible to quit right now," he says. "I'm earning 16 times what I would earn if I had my law degree. It's unbelievable: You can make \$30,000 in two nights of competition. I can't do it for the money, but it's pretty hard to ignore those lovely numbers. You have to make a living."

Over the reputation of failed Olympians, professional skating is glitzy, glamorous—and highly lucrative. Its stars—from Canada's Kurt Browning and America's Nancy Kerrigan to Germany's Katarina Witt and Ukraine's Oksana Baiul—net only headline major theatrical shows but also compete in a dizzying series of made-for-TV events. Fans pack arenas last year: The Stars on Ice tour drew 100,000 fans in 19 Canadian cities—up from 120,000 in three cities in 1991—and is selling out again this year (page 30). The CBC television special on the tour drew 24 million viewers in 1994—nearly one million more than for the average Hockey Night in



**Browning:** the stars not only headline major theatrical shows, but also compete in a dizzying series of made-for-TV events

Canada broadcast. "All the ratings for the competition have been great," says former Canadian ice dancer Tracy Wilson, now a CBS skating commentator. "The sport is growing and it has not topped out yet."

But the boom has also created confusion. After the 1994 Olympics in Lillehammer, Norway—with its attention-grabbing Kerrigan/Tarzan Harding affair—promoters, TV networks and agents rushed to cash in on the sport's exploding popularity. Suddenly, people who knew little about figure skating were running competitions. The judging standards were inconsistent. Events were often broadcast months after they were actually staged. The schedule was disorganized: last fall, promoters showcased four competi-

tion series on the same night. While Canada has long been a strong skating market, the sport, paradoxically, did not become a high-profile phenomenon until it caught on in the United States. Skating has always had a small but devoted U.S. following, and every four years the Olympics would make celebrities of such gold medalists as Peggy Fleming and Dorothy Hamill. But the real boom began at the Calgary Games in 1988, when not only a hype—and a more athletic style of skating—sent the sport leaping and spinning into a brighter spotlight, but the second Battle of the Stars, America's Best Skater narrowly defeated Canada's Orser, while Witt outdressed Manley and American Debi Thomas—and the public was hooked. The momentum continued into 1990, when the women's final was by America's Kristi Yamaguchi in Albertville, France, was the second-highest-rated U.S. sports broadcast that year, behind only the Super Bowl.

Going into last November last year, the momentum of such longtime stars as Bolz and Witt again turned the Olympic focus towards skating. Then, Kerrigan was attacked by a rival skater in another American skater, Harding. "Figure skating was already the most controversial television at the 1994 Olympics," says Wylie, who worked the games as a CBS analyst. "But that was magnified enormously by the Tonya Nancy thing."

As the audience has grown, so too have the skating options. Browning has starred in several TV specials, including 1994's top-rated Fox Must Previewer This. As well, skaters can now choose from a range of major professional shows, including Stars on Ice, Disney's World on Ice and the venerable Fox Canadiana Tour. There is the Tour of World Figure Skating Champions, which annually assembles a cast of top professionals and amateurs. This year's tour is 30 U.S. cities started on April 1, and the tour's premiere world of skating Expo Skating of Richmond Hill, Ont., and Bred, the 1994 Olympic gold medalist. Skates, though still technically an amateur, also stages his own hit tour. To keep track for amateur couples too, Skates will only do one show of the World Champions shows. "We put together a schedule that's workable," says his coach, Doug Leigh. "A lot of people want to see these shows and we have to be selective."

There is no jelling when the skate season will end, and there is no shortage of new competitors to meet the demand. In Canada, prominent in figure skating clubs has jumped by nearly 30 per cent since 1988, spurred by the international success of Orser, Manley, Browning and Raggio Wirt, even-hundred, says professional skating in sport as long as TV needs it. And since it kept the rights to televising skating, CBC has needed programming for the weekend as dance that remained untapped—mostly women. "Skating is just what they wanted," Wylie says. "It is easy to watch, easy to cover, you don't have to be an expert to enjoy it. It's athletic movement set in music. That makes it a lot easier to watch." "It's inevitable."

AMBER DEACON



**★ Kerrigan:** after the Tonya Harding affair, promoters rushed to cash in on the sport's exploding popularity

tion into one two-week stretch. And there is no relief in sight. Only last week, Browning and Elizabeth Manley, who now skates for Ice Capades, were supposed to compete for Canada at a joint event in West Palm Beach, but it was postponed at the last minute because Witt and Ukraine's Viktor Petrenko pulled out due to injuries. "I think it is going to be even less under control next season," says David Dore, developmental director of the Canadian Figure Skating Association. "Promoters did so well with it this year that they are coming back even harder and some other people want to turn it on."

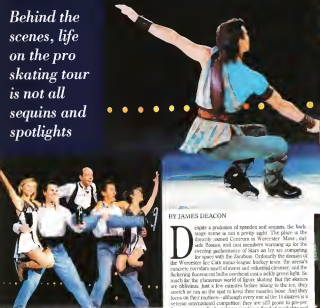
Just a decade ago, top performers went straight from the amateur ranks to big ice shows. There, surrounded by a cast of busy creatures on skates, they watched their skills decline under the weight of exhausting schedules. "On some of these tours, they skate 10 to 12 shows a week," says Toronto-based agent Kevin Albertine, who represents Kristi Yamaguchi, Browning and Scott Hamilton, among others. "How can you keep your skating level high under these conditions? You can't." By the time skaters got around to the live skating competitions, most were unable

to perform. Skates, though still technically an amateur, also stages his own hit tour. To keep track for amateur couples too, Skates will only do one show of the World Champions shows. "We put together a schedule that's workable," says his coach, Doug Leigh. "A lot of people want to see these shows and we have to be selective."

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# ROAD SHOW

Behind the scenes, life on the pro skating tour is not all sequins and spotlights



BY JAMES DEACON

**D**espite a profusion of splendor and sequins, the back stage scene is not a pretty sight. The place is the famously named Centrum in Worcester, Mass., just outside Boston, and cost members warming up for the evening performance of Stars on Ice are competing for space with the *Exhibition*. Ordinarily the domain of the Worcester Ice Cats minor-league hockey team, the arena's concrete corridors swirl at sunset and midday, and the skaters' fluorescent bulbs overhead cast a sickly green light. So much for the glaucous world of figure skating. But the skaters are oblivious. Just a few minutes before taking to the ice, they stretch or run on the spot to keep their muscles loose. And they focus on their routines—although every one of the 14 skaters is a reserve international competitor. They are still prone to give up forlorn glances. Each night may end in a flood of spotlights and thunderous applause, but no one takes that for granted. "You know that people paid money to see this," says cost member Kurt Browning. "So when the lights come on, boom, you do it."

Breslin, Petkov, Kizileva, Ladret and Hough: "There is nothing—nothing—better than that feeling when all those people are standing, cheering, feeling great!"



★ *Breslin and Petkov; Browning and Witt (above, left); Kizileva and Bertram (above, right): an adult entertainment*



Stars on Ice, which begins the 12-show Canadian tour on April 13 in Halifax, is a raucous modern take on the old ice show. It boasts celebrity skaters, of whom seven—Krisia Yamaguchi, Kristina Witt, Ekaterina Gerasimova and Sergei Grinkov, Scott Hamilton, Paul Wylie and Braverman—are generally considered to be among the top dozen professionals in the world. Witt and Wylie skate only in the U.S. shows; in Canada, Jenni Channard, Brian Orser and pairs skaters Isabelle Brasseur and Lloyd Eisner will join the tour. Stars is not out from the mood of the full-graduation fairy tales or cartoons dreamed by Ken Dapkus and Disney's World on Ice. It is more adult, more hip. And it is proof that, in the post-Olympics, post-Nancy-and-Tonya world, skating has become a big money entertainment for which there is a seemingly insatiable public appetite—on Madison's observed recently in the days spent traveling with the tour.

Directed by Toronto choreographer Sandra Beebe, Stars is targeted at baby boomers. The sound and lighting systems left a rock show, which makes sense considering that the skaters have the profiles of rock stars. Scott Hamilton, the American who leads the troupe, codirected the tour in 1986 and has watched his career evolve into a full-blown extravaganza. To begin with, the payroll has swelled—Hamilton, Yamaguchi, Witt and Browning will each take home more than \$1 million from the 36-city, four-month tour. Beyond the skaters, there is a full-time technical crew, seamstresses and physiotherapists, and a crew trailer to hold the 325 high-tech lamps, the computerized lighting board, 26,000 watts of sound system, the set—an all 65,000 lb. of expensive stuff. There are two buses—one for the cast, one for the crew. Choreographers, coaches, agents, sponsors and sponsors' decap by astonished. That when the lights go down and the music comes up—when a skater meets a spotlight and a packed house—the show goes on.

Philadelphia—Fat Tuesday in the home of the cheesesteak. The Stars have tackled themselves into a luxurious hotel just a few blocks from the Liberty Bell and other historic attractions. Tomorrow night the skaters will perform at the Spectrum, home of hockey's Flyers and basketball's 76ers. Tonight, however, is for fun. On ice, the possibilities are endless. Scores



★ *Rodin, Ladret and Witt celebrating Petkov's 27th birthday celebration (he is the skater) comfortably second home on the road*

shows, great scores for the Flyers' game. Hamilton does it for herself, unobtrusively requesting autographs and a photo of a discoverer's name. "I've been sought for weeks," it was 365," he says, "but it was worth it."

Not quite so casual with their cash, Christine Hough and Doug Ladret, the Canadian pairs champions in 1988, had quieter parents. They do not have drawers full of world and Olympic medals, and they don't earn a tenth of what some of their colleagues take home. Still, you should know who's loaded as Hough, 25, of Toronto and Ladret, 33, of Cambridge, Ont., since they retired from the amateur ranks after the 1992 Olympics. They work almost constantly. "We have to capitalise on everything we can, when we can, because we do not know how long the boom will last," Hough says over lunch in the hotel lounge the next day. "It's a head of the gold rule." Stars in a great way, partly because they skate with the gods of pairs skating: Gordeeva and Grinkov, every night. "We are better now as professionals than we ever were as amateurs," says Hough. "We have to be," adds Ladret: "just to keep up with what everyone else is doing."

Wit, the former East German ice queen who was freed by the fall of communism to sample the wares of the west, leads off the Russian exodus at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. But that turns out to be more complicated than just walking the few blocks. Someone has been shelling Wit and police believe he lives in Philadelphia; she is escorted everywhere by body security guards. "One of them is kind of cute," she says, laughing off some of her anxiety. This is not her first staffer, but that does not make it any easier. "I don't think about it," she says. "I don't—otherwise I wouldn't go anywhere. I have to live my life. I mean."

The bear's second home, a certain bar called Chantilly, arrives to take the cast to the Sorbonne, and guests at a world event itself. Flirted with banks, a stocked kitchen, two sofas, two TVs and two VCRs if also has two living areas. At the back is the so-called Russian Tea Room, inhabited by Gordeeva and Grinkov, pairs skaters Elena Beikhe and Dennis Petrow, and ice dancers Natalia Anisimova and Gennadiy Stetsko. Beikhe, the star of the 1992 Olympics, occasionally horns in and, when everyone laughs, he asks for a translation of the joke. "Most of the jokes didn't translate very well," he says. "Either that or they aren't very funny."

Up front, the remaining skaters with perpetual motion tour producer Bryan Allen, Gilbert Lysy, Peter and marketing director David Babin. Babin talks out private tours and any changes in costume. "There's a new look for New York," says Babin, pointing at the change. "What's the matter with The Palace?" asks Hamilton. "It's on fire," says Babin. People laugh. "Somebody," he says. Sure enough, right there on CNN, the truck surrounded three talented skaters. That gets a really big laugh.

At work: the singles skaters—Yanaguchi, Witt, Boudryen, Hamilton, Brown and Wylie—go first, followed by the pairs and ice dancers. Yanaguchi claims at risk side with her partner



★ With signing autographs, the skating elite (below) the crowd and lighting systems built a rock show, which makes sense considering that the skaters have the profiles of rock stars



old Alvin Boyer, who is suffering from a possibly incurable groin cell cancer and who had asked the Mike a Wish Foundation for tickets to the show. Yanaguchi skated her around and autographed some Stars on her memorabilia. Later, during the show, Boyer and family would sit at a reserved table. "It really gets them in perspective," Yanaguchi says afterward. "Those kids have problems that we cannot imagine."

After practice, the entire crowd heads for "celebrating," where the set—chicken legs, pizza, salad—is laid out caterer-style. It's the same every night. In black sweats, Witt skips the maca come and goes straight to the chocolate cake and coffee. Though not the first-time skater she was in the 1980s, Witt is more and more appeal counts as to make her star. On the ice as well as on, she has had a lot to do with the show's success. After winning her second straight Olympic gold medal at the 1990 Winter Games, she and America's Olympic gold medalist Brian Boitano launched a skating tour that included such "A" billings as Madison Square Garden in New York City and Philadelphia's Spectrum. The Cleveland-based International Management Group, which produces Stars-on-ice, had cut back, able to book into these buildings until the two tours merged in 1990.

Russia has more goals, his own way, but Witt is certain. "I always want to be in the best projects," she explains. "This has the best staging, the best choreography, the best music." With experience,



★ Skating elite: Yanaguchi, Hamilton, Boudryen, Brown and Wylie (above) watching TV in the "Russian Tea Room" when that may not be inevitable

she has learned to take herself down seriously. That is good—the time is a ruthless society and her colleagues can be merciless in their teasing. "I have never had so much fun as a team before, or gotten along with everyone so well," she says. "We are all adults—we know what we are doing here." Now 20, Witt has an apartment in New York and, once the U.S. segment of the tour ends, she will go home to her other apartment, in Boston, where a new Harvard convertible awaits. As for her private life, she has not had a steady companion since she broke up with actor Richard Dreyfuss—TV's "MacGyver"—two years ago. But rumors abound. "I had all the stories are even true," she laughs

suggestively. "That really, it's difficult to keep up a relationship. You have to find someone who can tolerate this job."

Philadelphia crowds are unusually tough, but the 17,000 fans at the sold-out Spectrum are hardly anxious. They love Hamilton's Shopping God routine. Brown's old "Home and Wile's Summer" Afterward the "relationship thing" comes up again. Hough Brown and Boudryen all become the stars of long-distance romance. And on the shuttle to the airport for the flight to Boston the next morning, Anisimova watches out the window with tears streaming down her cheeks. "She reveals her husband very much because they are all the time separated," explains Gordeeva. Gordeeva does not have that problem: her husband and true love is also her skating partner, Grinkov. But she does miss their two-year-old daughter, Diana, whom she sees at their Highland, Conn., home during off-days from the tour. Still, she is better off than most. "I am very happy that we can travel together," she says, returning to Chantilly beside her on the flight to Boston. "I think it's the best thing that anyone can get and be in this life."

The show's many choreographic styles have a standard form. It will be a much better skater than he was over given credit for—he was previously seen only as the setting for the discarded, Gordeeva. "She is by far the most attractive woman in the sport," explains Canadian skater-choreographer judge Toller Cranston. "She ought to be at the center of figure skating, the two-time Olympic champion seems content with life on the road. The last is a deflection, the organization is first rate, the food is good and the money is better. Compared with the Canadian state of her husband, Stars on ice is work. "We are so lucky here," she says. "In Russia, people can work all month for nothing." "You mean salary?" No. Crisley.

Witt is throwing a party at her apartment in Cambridge, across the Charles River from Boston, where one attraction is the weather dryer. "When we get to your place, can I do some laundry?"



★ Anisimova reunited with her husband in Boston, becoming the prince of long-distance romance

Bachha asks "Only few things" Browning, meanwhile, was shuffled off to Buffalo for a day of interviews. Buffalo is one of the few weak markets on tour, and ticket sales need a boost. He is back by late afternoon, in time to work out and then grab a cab to the Madison Square Garden for the Bruce Hornsby Jersey Devils game. Buffalo is on track, he is too late to pick up his press reserved seats—they have already been sold. He settles for Section 21, Row N, Seat 4, from which all but a fraction of the ice is obscured by the overhanging upper deck. "People pay for this?" he asks in the play-drops-from-roof.

Browning's main tour responsibilities lie abroad, in Canada, where he is the headliner. In the States, where Hamilton and Yanaguchi shoulder that responsibility, he is able to concentrate on skaters. He has needed the practice—like last season, he was not skating well, even losing his proud triple-Axel for a time. He is doing better now, but the prolonged slump was scary. "I had had a chronic cancer until that happened," he says. "Thankfully, I'll learn from it." There is an ethic on tour that helps maintain a high level of performance, he says. In Hartford, he blew a triple Salchow, a relatively easy jump for him. At the next stop, Philadelphia, "the whole company was watching to see that jump because it was such an embarrassing thing [he] right before," he says. "Things like that are fun, but they remind you that this is not our business."

Yanaguchi agrees Browning's training mate at Edmonton's Royal Glencoe Club when the two were preparing for the 1998 Olympics, the Canadian is money in the bank, friendly and disarmingly. Her consistent performances were the key to her Olympic victory, and they now mark her successful professional career. "There is pressure to live up to your name," she says about the bus boarder perched in the Worrester. "People know who you are, and they expect a certain quality. It's a different pressure from amateur, instead of going after one single event, it's every night of the week, having to be in for months at a time."

In Worcester, just before the show, user-producer Arlene Baustle by accident. "We go on in five minutes and Krisi can't find her skates," Yanaguchi cannot see her alone skates, without her costume leashes. Disaster is averted—the costumes are found—but not before cast and crew indulged in a little gallows humor. "What she can't see won't hurt her," a stage-hand says.

The Worrester show is particularly important to several of the skaters, and they come through in style. Myrie, who lives in the area, is sensational in both sub-roles. Hamilton, who grew up in Boston, brings the house down. Blough, who is dating a member of the Bruins, celebrates Doug Sweeney, Bruins arena coach Sweeney is unable to attend And Anzures, whose hus-



★ **Smooth and Lush in** *Myrie and Lusher in* *gliding therapy in a stiff back (below), sweat and* *over muscles*



band has made a surprise visit in positively maddening. On the bus back to Boston, everyone offers to sing Bruce Hornsby to give skater Prince his 35—and there is the case. Yanaguchi, sitting through her usual heap of post-performance flowers, discovers one huge bouquet from singer named Eric Anderson "whose card reads: 'Slating had no meaning for me until you stepped onto the ice.' Anderson also notes on the card that he is nine years old."

Hamilton, who charged up, gives the impression that every show is special. He tells anyone willing to listen that he has lost his legs, his pants, his timing. Then, he gives out and asks everything, including sex backings a night. "You work hard in five hours," he says, "and you'll have a good career." He ought to know. By rights, the 1998 Olympic champion should have declined into a character actor by now, a little fat and a lot slow. He is neither—at 35 he still has the latest let in the business (in competition since this season, he earned more than \$1 million). "I am still young and is being around Scott Hamilton," says Gordon "life is always so fun to great." Says Browning: "Scott Hamilton is the closest thing I have to a hero in skating. It's incredible."

In the fall of 1996 when Hamilton first assembled the cast, the main and some choreography, he took the fledgling Stars on a medical, in-city tour. During the first-over performance, in Dover,



★ **Yanaguchi making a** *holistic sandwich: WIT* *Assembly it up with Hamilton* *(left): Back at Madison Square* *skaters (right): the company is a* *casualties society and an* *one* *escapes the responsibilities facing* *1.500 never had an growth along* *no a tour before, or much along* *with everyone as well," says WIT.* *We are all adults here."*



★ **Endorse and** *Endorse for the* *gifts of pain skating, the* *face is fully composed with* *the back to Florida*



Me, a lighting bar in the arena exploded, setting fire to part of the building and sending nine people to hospital. Things certainly have changed. "The show has always been well-balanced artistic city, but up to Boston this was pretty strong," he says laughing at the anecdote. The two back, he says, "we're every night." There is no saying—better than that feeling at the end of the show when all of these people are standing, cheering, feeling great," he says. "And 34 of us made it happen. It's awesome."



gets airborne. "The shows are easy," says Hamilton. "Getting from city to city is the hard part." Although they do an elaborate tour, the skaters have all been prancing the Madison Square Garden. Everyone from Yanaguchi's boyfriend to Wirt's parents just in from Germany, is there. At the Garden, as the skaters prepare for the show, an ABC camera crew and two reporters from a German British magazine are but in pursuit of Wirt, who doesn't mind the attention. Production manager David Hollins to clear the hallways and wonders about how so many people could get backstage passes. "New York is special for the skaters," says director Benz, who has flown in from Toronto. "They find it hard to be well here because, well, it's New York."

The performance is superb: the best yet. Strangely, the audience is slow to react compared with those in other cities, and it does not get truly worked up until Hamilton does his frenetic Cuban Pete, from the movie *The Mask*. From there on, it is going the wrong way. Boredom, as they clear the show—exactly to the tune. Arlene Baustle—skates in an immediate and prolonged standing position.

There is a red heat in the dressing rooms—everyone is pleased and a little relieved. But then it is time to do the show. It is, sponsor Dancercut Corp., has arranged a reception in a nearby ballroom. "Reception" are a photograph for all of the clients of the sponsor, and from the moment they arrive the skaters are surrounded. Yanaguchi skates herself by the buffet so that, even if she can't get away, she can still eat. Browning, backed against a wall, waves his empty glass. In a lower-level room, a different class of skaters, including Pat O'Brien, a splash announcer with CBS Sports, and Matthew Laurence, an actor on the top-rated TV show *Baywatch* (WIT 9020).

A little after midnight, their duties done, the skaters start their board the bus, this time to a private party in a nightclub beneath The Plaza hotel. There, attendants in leather chokers and slinky black outfits plugging take orders and check coats, its exuberant being cool and there is apparently no longer left for their jobs. Inside, music blares and erotic dancers grope in the dancing. Arlene Baustle—skates in an immediate and prolonged standing position.

One by one, the skaters somehow to fatigue and the wee hours. The week of shows, the rehearsals, New York—they take, they tell Browning debiles whether to order another beer, then says for hotel and bed. "With the right people and in the right mood, you can have a lot of fun in a place like this," he says on the club pulls away from the bar. Besides he has an early flight home for a couple of days to see his girlfriend, ballerina Soana Rodriguez, and to prepare new costumes for the Christmas leg of the tour. Even at 2 a.m., his focus is still on skating. "It's not just what we do for a living," he says. "It's who we are." □



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## SPORTS WATCH



# No heroes, please, we're Canadian

BY TRENT FRAYNE

Cona Smythe turned 100 earlier this year, or would have if he hadn't despised God's grace for nearly 11 years ago, but I saw nothing in the papers taking note of it. *Blowout*, both the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, the country's national newspaper, and *The Toronto Star*, the largest circulation newspaper, ran long, stirring pieces about the year 1956 being the 100th anniversary of the birth of that celebrated non-Canadian, Babe Ruth.

The Babe was born on Feb. 6, 1895 in Baltimore. Five days after Smythe was born in Toronto. Babe died 53 years later and Smythe died his final breath 53 years after that. It is a true that Smythe did not hit 714 home runs, as Ruth did, but on the other hand Ruth did not own a home who won the Queen's Plate, a major hockey team that won seven Stanley Cups, the Military Cross, became a prisoner of war, escape twice, go to jail for dragging a Boston hockey fan, receive an airplane crash, shed a railroad locomotive or capture a stolen cross in his native's capital. Smythe did.

The *Globe's* piece on Ruth covered three-quarters of a page, including a deep three-column picture. The *Star's* piece began on a section page and contained a three-column photo 12 inches deep. There, it ranged inside to an entire page that presented three more pictures of Ruth. There was no picture of Smythe in either paper.

In Canada, we're not much for local boys who make good and we don't relish heroes for long. In the United States, Jack Dempsey is a costly presence, but still king of the heavyweight. Bobby Jones is the greatest amateur golfer who ever declined a glance, Gene Sarason remains essential for a double eagle in the Masters 60 years ago this month (there he is now years about 85, and great modern broken-field runners are regularly conquered with Jim Brown) or Red Grange.

Now, we like 'em better if they're won on the road. Wayne, Big Gable, the two Bobbys, Hall and Orr, and Montreal, now that the

Rangers have finally won. At home, though, the interests are rare. Last month, the Toronto Maple Leafs performed an act so unheard of in all the years since the aforementioned Cona Smythe relinquished the team on Valentine's Day, 1937: The Toronto management caused not one but two old players to a sort of honor roll by which the names of our past goaltenders Johnny Bowser and Turk Brode were raised to the rafters on slender blue-and-white banners.

In Toronto, the members of only two players, Bill Barlow and Ace Bailey, both gone to the great sea due to the sky, have been retired. Brode's and Bowser's number (4) was 10 has not been excused in formaldehyde, it belongs to Dennis, son, Roberto, the backup.

Refusing a girl's number does not necessarily make him (inserted). Although the practice has been largely a ruse for the Maple Leafs, it is routine stuff in (naturally) the States, where 35 players on 12 NHL teams have been recognized in this manner. Only the New Jersey Devils have neglected to find someone who deserves to have his number excused from the program. (Recent exceptions: Anaheim, San Jose, Tampa Bay and the Florida Panthers are excluded, it's hard

enough to remember the names, never mind one of them played).

Canadian teams have been characteristically reluctant to accept immortals. Calgary has retired Larry McDonald's No. 9, Vancouver has put away Stan Smyth No. 12 and Winnipeg has set aside the 9 worn by Bobby Hull after he jumped from Chicago. Edmonton has retired Al MacInnes's 3, and the Quebec Nordiques, who just added Michel Goulet to their roll, had sidestepped Marc Turfitt's (and J. C. Tremblay's) 3.

Not unexpectedly, the oldest and by far the most colorful team of all, the Montreal Canadiens, is the least hesitant in honoring great. Eight players are recognized at all, though, mysteriously, Georges Vézina and Jacques Plante aren't among them. (Plante was the last of the great stand-up goal-minders and Plante should definitely be everywhere by populating the hole man).

Among the elite are the famous brothers, the Rocket, Maurice, and the Pocket Rocket, Henri. There is also the man who might have become Canada's governor general, the closest Jean D'Amboise, and a couple of old Canadians, the Boston reaver Al Juba and a wild-haired known as the Standard Brock, Howard March.

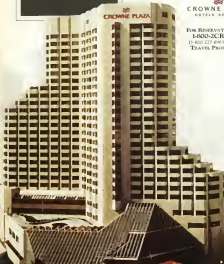
Maurice wore No. 7, and one time, years ago, the careworn little goaltender for the old New York Americans, Ray Watters, never let me about him. "When he'd wind up behind the net, he wore No. 7," Watters said. "He was No. 777 and a star" and the Montreal coach Marcelle Rocher wrote, "Maurice was our Babe Ruth."

Maurice became part of the folklore of Quebec, a symbol of an era now just a memory, a time when the players wore a last-long, sturdy look, fiercely loyal to their teams. The make more slender, less, more have a snicker and sweat and some, and, for the history writers and statisticians who elbowed and bowed in one end of the Forum, calling themselves, with a nice ironic touch, the Millionaires. Maurice was given two a shining figure of great skill he served as a goaltender for his entire career, too, and they tossed him in home leave and last night go.

Maurice died in 1937, a relatively young man of 34, following a crash into the boards that caused a multiple fracture of his leg. He was in a Montreal hospital. A few days later, his body was laid out at centre ice in the Forum and the public was invited in. Sportswriter Andy O'Brien was so sure "I arrived at the Forum to find the front doors jammed. I entered by the furnace room and ... the still air made me wonder—was he really still in the building? But there were 15,000 fans, quiet and motionless in a tribute to a man—and hockey—that has never been matched."

Even so, Maurice nowadays gets scant attention. Newspapers, at least the *King's Highway* group ones, rarely mention his name and they certainly aren't devoting column pages to him. Maybe Maurice's problem is that he isn't 100 yet, although getting there (did he Smythe much good).

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## SCIENCE

## Water worries



Studies suggest that aluminum may play a role in Alzheimer's



ary, William Forbes, a University of Waterloo parasitologist, demonstrated an apparent correlation between dental caries (tooth decay) and aluminum in about 180 Ontario communities. In each community, researchers determined the amount of aluminum in the water supply and treated the annual rate of people starting at the age of 10 and continuing over a period of 25 years. They concluded, said Forbes, that the risk of acquired renal dysfunction was "almost 20 times higher" in areas where the aluminum levels in drinking water were high.

The problem is that in Canada there are no real controls on the amount of aluminum in water. Ontario guidelines call for a maximum of 100 parts per billion. But many experts say that aluminum levels in Ontario and other provinces sometimes range up to 200 ppb—or even up to and beyond the 300 ppb level that Foreman's study identified as the danger point. Last week, however, officials in three Canadian cit-

and measurably low levels of aluminum in 1994. Regina averaged 34 ppb, Toronto had an 80-ppb average, while in St. John's, Nfld., water from two plants averaged between 30 and less than 100 ppb.

Within the next year or so, Ottawa is expected to propose national guidelines—and many experts say that the limit should be 100 ppb or less. According to the environmental health directorate's Thomas, Ottawa's recommendations will depend on the findings of a review of international studies into the health risks that aluminum may pose. But some researchers insist that the answer is clear enough already. "Aluminum," says Theo Kretsch, an associate professor of physiology at the University of Toronto who has worked on several studies involving aluminum and health, "is a highly toxic substance in your brain."

In a far-reaching study published in June

MARK NICHOLS and DAN FORTINER

## Policewomen fight to end sexual harassment on the job

# Aiming for respect

BY RAE CORELLI

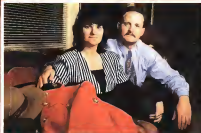
For Alice Clark, joining the RCMP in 1970 was the fulfillment of a teenage dream. Two years later, the Hamilton police was posted to the 68-member detachment at Red Deer, Alta., where, at first, the race she worked with was welcoming and helpful. Then she was transferred to sex traffic duty. "The officers on my shift made us buses about how they felt about female officers," she says. "They didn't like women at the time—period." In 1967, after repeated episodes of sexual harassment and intimidation by male Mounties, Clark quit. She used the force for damages, telling the Federal Court of Canada that she had been grabbed and propositioned, publicly humiliated by her supervisor and embarrassed one day to find life-sized plastic layouts taped to her desk. Last year, the court awarded her \$23,000. "It was the end of the dream," says Clark, now a 32-year-old B.C. government consumer services representative in Mission. "But at least I got to live it for seven years, which is more than most people do."

Few women police officers have been treated so badly or gone so far as Clark did to redress grievances arising from sexual harassment and discrimination on the job. But hundreds of the 4,266 women among the nation's 90,991 municipal, provincial and federal police officers have been the targets of behavior ranging from mildly offensive squad room comments to blatant requests for sexual favors. In an attempt to

get an end to unacceptable conduct, the RCMP, the Ontario Provincial Police and most metropolitan police departments across the nation have introduced—and claim to be enforcing—tough policies against harassment and discrimination. "A lot of men just don't realize where the line is," says David Booth, the OPP's manager of psychological services. Officers do not yet accept the end of male dominance in policing. "It is vitally important," says Christine Silverberg, the deputy chief of Quebec's Hamilton Westmount Regional Police, "that we make the myth that sexual harassment is not my concern."

To Clark, harassment was another psychological war experience. In fact, her lawsuit listed 20 separate incidents during a five-year period. Among them:

- A plainclothes officer once drove up while she guarded a body at a murder scene and suggested they have sex in the back seat of his car.
- A supervisor told her in front of other officers that "I was a waste of a uniform and that I should quit and let a real man have a job."
- When she asked a male cop about his UN peacekeeping campaign ribbon, he told her he got it "for making five female officers quit."
- Shortly after her marriage to a Mountie, another "grabbed me, kissed me and told me if I wanted a real man, to call him when my husband was at work."
- The next would occasionally play pornographic movies seized from a local video store and when she and another woman officer objected, they told us if we didn't like it to hit the road."



Ex-Mountie Alice Clark and husband Bruce at home in Nanaimo, British Columbia's Shewsbury (left), exploding some pyrotechnics at a party in a uniform.

Clark finally quit—"I wasn't there to get up with that kind of behavior"—after three months of sexual harassment against the force. Then she was charged—she insists vindictively—with having assaulted three civilians in separate incidents during her time at Red Deer. She was assigned the following year, and her husband, Bruce, too up with the way his wife had been treated, resigned from the force as well. She is now an Employee and Immigration Canada investigator in Nanaimo. Meanwhile, after years she has stayed to teach with many of the police women who had phoned or written after they read

her account of experience have called him during the past year. But all had wanted his help and then right in the middle of the night. "What happens is," Goldring says, "that when the RCMP decides to make a woman, they know that we're going to be more problems. I just think they shut their eyes in it, they just decided that these young women were going to be the next bad thing. Some of them have suffered pretty serious emotional damage."

That conclusion, McMillan says, describes her experience because the Mounties had been such a respected and highly visible part of her childhood in Falmouth, Sask., she joined up in 1973, the year after the RCMP graduated its first-ever female trainee from the Regina Training Depot. Her first seven years were successful. But in 1980, at the 34-member detachment at Fort Saskatchewan, Alta., 30 km northwest of Edmonton, she encountered a sergeant who, she says, "made it clear he didn't want any women around." At another juncture, a sergeant uttered a profanity and McMillan refused to go out on the road with him because, she insisted, he was unstable.

From that point, McMillan says, things rapidly went from bad to worse. The sergeant refused to rule with, answering her performance review must have described her as a detriment to the unit, unable to get along with colleagues. "I'd been on the list recommended for promotion since 1980 and he told me not to do that," she recounts. She lodged a formal grievance over the assessment and was transferred to Rocky Mountain House, a seven-hour drive from where she had been living. She grieved that transfer too. Later, she was disciplined again for failing to appear in court when she was ill and off duty. "It was just crazy," McMillan said. When she told her male sergeant she was quitting, she said he reacted, "It doesn't matter. You're leaving a vigorous defense, the RCMP has refused to comment on the grounds that the case is pending in the meantime, McMillan's clients have yet to be heard by a court."

Most policemen are either indifferent to or philosophically about the arrival of women in the ranks. Those who are neither cling tenaciously to policing's historic white male officer-concept—and as a result, 2005—women accounted for less than eight per cent of the country's cops. And only 20 women were among the 3,600 who had reached full rank. In the intermediate rank, women did somewhat better: of the 14,631 noncommissioned officers, 253 were women. Of the three levels of policing, the RCMP had—again as of 1992—created the most women, 3,434 in a force of 15,660. But only 56 were NCOs, and the other ranks had a lonely pair.

In a recent study of women in law enforcement, the federal justice ministry in 1993 published *The Status of Women in Canadian*



Law student Donna McMillan seeking damages for emotional harm and negligence.

an *Officer*. The author looked at police departments in Montreal, N.B., London, Ont., Ontario's Halton Region and Delta, B.C., searching for RCMP detachments in Burnaby and Surrey, B.C. Two thirds of the women who took part said there was sexual harassment in policing but that most of it was manageable, serious or suggestive comments were accepted as part of the job. More than one-third of those interviewed said unprofessional police officers were inadequate, and the balance said harassment was a serious problem.

In an attempt to demonstrate male cops from prying on females, most medium-sized and large police organizations have adopted strict measures against sexual harassment. In 1993, the RCMP passed a 16-page directive that declared it would "notify tolerate harassment nor any discriminatory practice." Sexual harassment was defined as "any conduct, comment, gesture or contact of a sexual nature" that might offend or humiliate or be perceived as being linked to employment, training or promotional opportunities. "We don't say that the policy will eliminate the problem," said a male RCMP spokesman. "But people are going to have to accept responsibility for their actions."

Other law enforcement agencies have taken similar steps. Halifax police are governed by the city's municipality standards, which they affirm that workplace sexual harassment is against the law. It prohibits "sexual jokes causing sexual harassment or offense," learning, sexually degrading words and sexually suggestive or obscene comments—even "sexually suggestive behaviour." Calgary police are forbidden to make "harassment remarks, jokes, innuendoes or language of a sexual nature." These are the rules. How effective they are is in some dispute.

The voice on the phone is cautious, hesitant. It belongs to a constable in the Ontario Provincial Police. She will talk only if her name and detachment are withheld. She has served for more than 15 years and is one of the OPP's 35 peer support officers. She goes about five detachments each month, usually from new hire recruits.

"They say he did this to me and that to me and guess what the supervisor doing to me," she said. "I tell them if you don't do anything about it, then whoever comes after you is going to have to deal with it. But these women don't want to lose out; they just get a \$50,000-a-year job, and they feel if they back a 20-



Whispering's Sgt. Mark 'never faced any sexual harassment'

year officer they're going to lose it. I know who are they going to believe you as a 20-year officer? You very much begin not to trust the levels of approval."

A colleague owes her her office and the steps taking, thus resumes. "There are women quitting all the time. A lot of them leave because you can't pay them enough to put up with what they have to put up with. We've got a lot of great guys, but we also get a lot of guys who think the uniforms off their men. Even if you've grooved yourself off over and over, all of a sudden you meet this 23-year-old fitness and you have to do it all over again."

the traffic division, delighted with her RCMP assignment.

Karen Adams, a 35-year-old in the parent with two children, is a coped with a watch commander supervising six constables, one of them female, in the RCMP detachment at Thompson, Man. When she and 26 other women graduated from the "Machines" in the training depot in 1978, the force, she says, probably thought "that we'd eventually just get married and get pregnant and go away. But 12 years later, most of us are still here," Adams says and sexual harassment she may have encountered. "Was nothing that I got so stressed out about that I couldn't handle it myself."

A lot of older policemen freely admit that their attitudes about women have changed. "I was shocked about the necessity for employing women," says an RCMP sergeant who worked in the Manitoba Training Detachment two decades ago. "I was a person of my time. What do I think now? They're more than capable. But in 1974, you didn't even have women reporting poor telephone."

Deputy Chief Silberberg is a personable woman with a head-shake that can make your eyes water. Now 65, she had been a cop for 18 years, rising to the rank of inspector in the Peel Regional Police, before she joined the 1,000-member Hamilton-Wentworth Regional force in 1992. Early in her career, she says, it was widely believed that "you either had to be a woman or a lesbian" to qualify.

Her conversational style is to ask questions and answer them. "Does sexual harassment exist in policing? Yes, it does. Do women and men minorities feel comfortable about complaining? Most often not. Have I experienced discrimination and harassment? Yes, I have. Have I been able to cope with it? Yes, I have." If sexual harassment was defined as behavior ranging from unsolicited sexual comments to actual touching, "I'd guess would be that if you recruited 100 women in a police organization, probably 180 would say that had happened to them."

But achieving equality in policing, says Silberberg, must ultimately involve more than putting an end to sexual harassment. The cop shop has for generations been a man's world, and women have had to co-exist in even greater alienation. "We allow average men to come into our police forces," she says, repeating the cliché for emphasis. "I would like to see the day when an average woman could come into a police force and not have to be exceptional." □

I rise at 7:00 AM in anticipation of breakfast. Perhaps our chef's omelet today, instead of the buffet. By 10:00 I will be absorbed in my correspondence, with some of my attention focused on lunch with the 'boys'. This will consist of the usual good natured banter between four men who do have a passion for bridges. The afternoon passes quickly and I find myself at six with some pleasant music playing in the background. Tomorrow there will be a cocktail party at the Williams' but this afternoon I will have a short nap before dinner. I hear there is rock of lamb on the menu. My children thank Glynnwood is a resort. But it isn't. It's my home. For more information on Glynnwood Retirement Residence please call (902) 881-9473

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## CHALLENGING THE WORLD'S BEST

Young-Oh Shin does not look at all like a classical opera diva. She's slim, she's hip and the Korean-born soprano is one of the hottest new stars in opera. Only 35, Shin has played lead roles at such major centres as the Seattle in Paris and the Metropolitan in New York City, where critics compared her to the legendary diva Maria Callas and Joan Sutherland. This week, the New York City-based artist opera in Toronto in the title role of a Canadian Opera Company production of Lucia Di Lammermoor—one of the most sought-after roles in opera. "It is technically very demanding," says Shin, who adds that Lucia must reach acrobatically high notes and sustain a 20-minute aria. "It also requires drama," she adds. "You really have to be into the part. On stage, I thought about Young-Oh. On stage, I am Lucia." The final act of this tragic opera tells a story, which is set in 17th-century Scotland, contains a mad scene, one of opera's most famous elements. "It can be very traumatic," says Shin, "but there is incredible pleasure in performing it. I feel like I'm melting into the music. It makes me feel goose bumps." No doubt the audience will too.



Marlin, Vancouver 1992

## AN ARTIST WHO CAN SELL

He has offices in Jakarta, Bali and Toronto. And Toronto-born painter Drew Harris has sold his paintings to such institutions as Coca-Cola Canada, Pepsi-Cola Canada and the Redhead International Bank. In fact, for Harris, 35, the art of the deal is just as important as the art on the canvas. "There is the actual work of creating a painting," says Harris, whose paintings are needed for their large size and bold abstract content. "But then comes the marketing and sales." And his attention to the bottom line has paid off in the boardroom of the world where his paintings fetch more than \$5,000 and he is known as "the corporate kid." While Harris laughs at that description, he also says that, in looking back through history, many of the great artists who are well known today also have the secret of promotion. "It's more awareness," says Harris. "If people have never heard your name before, how are they going to become interested in your work?" The Drew Harris brand is certainly catching on.

## MASTER OF INTRIGUE

This doctor uses for more writing books than prescriptions. In fact, Michael Palmer of Boston, a specialist in internal medicine and a fiction author, has already signed a \$1-million contract for his next book. His latest work, *Silent Treatment*, a thriller in which a murderer stalks the halls of a New York City hospital, is on the New York Times list of top-selling books. Still, the 53-year-old doctor, who has written four other best-sellers, including *The Silent Hour* and *Rebel Doctor*, does not want to give up his medical



Palmer: each writing

profession, which now consists mainly of treating drug-addicted doctors. Says Palmer: "There's a lot of drama in medicine, even life and death." That was material has helped Palmer create a winning formula: reader, sex and hospital intrigue, using characters loosely based on his colleagues' lives. But while Palmer is enjoying great popular success, he has discovered that writing novels does have one negative side effect—bad reviews. "They pile me," says the doctor-author. "I'm not a strong enough person to be thick-skinned about bad reviews." But then the money softens the blow.



Shin: a refreshing show takes the stage by storm



Kropotkin: a rock band with some of the world's finest session players, including David Letterman's drummer, Avian

## ROCK'S ICON

His music reads like a veritable who's who of rock 'n' roll. Veteran musician Al Kooper has sung and played guitar with George Harrison, The Rolling Stones and Jimi Hendrix. He has also produced records for Legend, Sly and the Family Stone and one of the original members of Blood, Sweat and Tears. Now, the 50-year-old, who has just released the recording *Sand of the Sea*, Al Kooper Live is involved with two very different bands. He is front man for The Kropotkins, a rock band with some of the world's finest session players, including David Letterman's drummer, Avian

Fig. And he is the musical director for Rock Bottom Remainders, a band that includes accomplished writers, but amateur musicians, Stephen King, Amy Tan, Dave Barry and Matt Groening. Kooper, who says he "likes the challenge" of working with the writers, adds that he has to keep his sense of humor when it comes to the difference in musical talent between the two groups. "I think they've done pretty good," he said of the Remainders. "Their shows will out and everyone has fun." And besides, adds Kooper, "It's all rock 'n' roll."

Edited by TOM PENNELL

## ROB ROY

Directed by Michael Catcott Jones

"I'm just Scottish, it's common!" Anyone familiar with that line from the classic "Scottish Rites" already on *Sweeney Todd* will find it hard to watch *Rob Roy* without giggling. It is all so wonderfully camp, this tale of a brash Scot who lives with his bonnie lass in a wee house by a deep loch, a man whose life is always at the ready for a roll in the leather, but who reveals most of his true seascaper through the Highland mists with the lads, drinking his hooey at the end of a blade and coming out an old port under a rough linen cloth, which doubles as a towel for mopping up the ball. There are even jokes about sleeping alone and getting "a wee bit of gum in the morning." But, while it sometimes verges on silliness, *Rob Roy* is a lovely spectacle, a Hollywood Highland thing that caters what is required of a period adventure epic: wild landscapes, exotic costumes, tracing action—and human performance by actors with secrets.

Inclusion actor Liam Neeson brings Celtic credibility to the role of Rob Roy MacGregor, the legendary warrior who founded Scotland's nobility in the early 1700s. The story revolves around a £1,000 loan that Rob arranges from the Marquis of Montrose (John Hurt) in bay cattle, which he intends to sell at a profit. But Montrose's headman, Archibald (Tim Roth), secretly steals the money, then viciously persecutes Rob, his wife and his clan for not repaying the debt. As Rob, Neeson plays it straight, acting with unerring aplomb. As his kin, Mary, the over-skilful Jessica Lange seems to be off in a movie all her own—a domineering matriarch—and is not quite at ease in her Scottish brazier. But the British lost guys are a treat. Hurt plays delectable to the hilt as the paled and vindictive Montrose. And as Archibald, Roth is the best villain to pick up a sword since Alvin Karpis's Sheriff of Nottingham costumed Christmas in *Robin Hood: Prince of Thieves* (1991). Rob's plays Archibald as an outrageous guy, a smug misanthrope whose allegations mask the soul of a seascaper and the skills of an expert diver.

Throughout the film, Scottish-born director Michael Catcott Jones (Oscarid, 1984) keeps on the vital contrast between the early Scots and their fiery English overlords. The climactic fight, a dual portrait Rob's lightning broadsword against Archibald's swordy master of arms, a classic showdown between posited bravery and bourgeois belated age. A frontier legend, *Rob Roy* is a western at heart. Good men become outlaws over time. Rob's men came up God's great earth. Death goes past fights in bars. And back at the ranch, anxious we're sent for their killer cowboys to come down from the hills.



# Making legends and breaking taboos



**A Scots hero, a Latin lover, a priest's a statesman take romantic risks**

Neeson: Drags *Rob Roy* seascaper through the Highland mists with the lads, and an apologetic assault of enormous parrots in exotic lands

## DON JUAN DEWARDO

Directed by Jeremy Levy

What a casting coup: Marlon Brando, who turns 71 on April 2, is arguably the greatest actor of his generation. Johnny Depp, 31, may well be the greatest actor of his generation—he is certainly the most interesting. Like Brando, he has a magnetic show him, an utterly recurring screen presence, and, unlike different roles mingling from *Edward Scissorhands* to *Ed Wood*, he shows the same casual disregard for Hollywood etiquette. Jeremy Levy, a savvy American director, has brought Depp and Brando together in *Don Juan* (MGM), and you can almost see the torch being passed between them.

Jack Brando, a brilliant but psychotically to retire from his hospital job, meets his match with his last patient, a handsome young man (Depp) who believes he is Don Juan, the world's greatest lover. Jack's colleagues wait the man committed. But Jack becomes exasperated by Don

Juan's delusion, and begins to reject a new romantic sign into his own. As his patient points out, turning the diagnostic tables, "You need love for a breakdown, because your blood has turned to dust."

Levy, who also wrote the script, has penned some beautifully lyrical dialogue, especially Don Juan's rhapsodic testimony to the act of love. The film-maker's direction is more pedestrian, and the stunning plot produces a flat ending. But Don Juan's delusion is his own enormous exploits in exotic lands are a litany of delights—Harrison Ford meets *Playboy* on *Fantasy Island*. And on the whole, the movie goes down like an aphrodisiacic tonic.

Depp and Brando make a fascinating pair. Brando, still amazingly overweight, is a mountainous man of a man. A phony thick of golden-brown hair immerses his colossal features for a cruel joke. He has serious teeth over, and he can scarcely be bothered to push the words past the flesh of his mouth. This is not a performance that craves fun. Yet every moment of it is strangely moving. Brando conveys the paganism of a man in the twilight of his career. And from his sphenoid appearance in *Apocalypse Now* (1979), his *de la* Godfather parody in *The Godfather* (1972) and a string of caresses, he has not done much since. And *Don Juan* (1993) has, true to his character in the movie, he seems possessed by his own's uncanny energy. And Depp, acting with waning glow, turns to his first performance: *Jack*.

The movie's one chilly note is *Don Juan*, who plays the psychotically wife. In bed with Brando, her sigh-sounding face looks

abruptly reconstructed next to his disconcerted this Brando just tops with her. But Don Juan Brando's romantic spirit is so unrelenting that its medical moments are only slow-bled.

## PRIEST

Directed by Antonio Diod

When it comes to denouncing extremes of sexual guilt and fear, it is hard to find a more loaded setting than the Roman Catholic Church. The Bay of St Vincent (1990), the National Film Board's searing drama about a priest in clerical clothing, offered a chilling portrait of predatory evil. Now, *Priest*, a devastating new movie from Britain explores sexual taboos in the church from a very different angle. Shortly after taking up a post in a poor Liverpool parish, an adolescent young priest meets Greg (Edward Norton), a terminally ill two women. One conceives a child from a 16-year-old girl who is being abused by her father. Greg is desperate to intervene, but church law requires that confessions remain confidential. He is also secretly gay—one night, he picks up a man at a bar and begins a tender affair that leaves him reeling with guilt.

As Greg faces his demons and tests his faith, he spirals towards a parallel and reclusive life, a Catholic confession, he is a sympathetic but enigmatic figure. And his metaphysical anguish is offset by the unrepentant earnestness of his fellow priest in the parish, Matthew (Tom Wilkinson), a grumpy and flexible misanthrope who makes no secret of his intimacy with the parish housekeeper, Maria (Cathy Tyson).

Provocatively, *Priest* uses the potent sacraments of the church as ritual metaphors—the whispered intimacy of confession and the body-and-blood symbolism of communion. Greg, praying for compassion, saves an image of a last-church Christ on the cross and says, "I see a naked man, utterly desecrated." Finally, he cries out in resignation: "Doesn't put long there, do something?"

Superb acting and suit, tasteful direction by British film-maker Anthony Diod bring the drama to a place of brutal realism. Despite its controversial elements, which have drawn indignation protests from Roman Catholic officials, the film never crosses over into sensationalism. *Priest* is the most powerful film about religion since *Crucifixion*: director Dennis O'Rourke's *Jesus of Nazareth* (1988). Stripping Christianity to its core, it is a heart-wrenching passion play.

## JEFFERSON IN PARIS

Directed by James Ivory

The story of Thomas Jefferson's Paris years offers a rich dramatic opportunity. Before becoming the third U.S. president, Jefferson served as ambassador to France, from 1784-1789. Then, gunbusting in the presence of the French ambassador with the title of the French Revolution, many among him, his wife and his two black slaves. But in the hands of American director James Ivory and Indian producer Ismail Merchant, the story is rendered.

Merchant and Ivory (*Four Seasons in Paris*, *Remains of the Day*) are specialists in period elegance—fashions of the 18th and 19th centuries. But *Jefferson in Paris* is a more understated, a more intimate epic that shows away from the dress of its subject while sensually brings to life Jefferson's passion. Nick Nolte is closest in the title role. He plays a character who has trouble expressing emotion—a dilemma for an actor. Unlike Anthony Hopkins, who gave expression a more direct in Merchant-Ivory's *The Remains of the Day*, Nolte just seems bedeviled by it.

Both Fraser (Robert's) script, merchant, a superb. It remembers through the story of the relationship and the love between Jefferson and the married Maria Cosway (Kirsti Scott). Only halfway through does the movie turn up with the arrival of the ambassador's coquettish slave, Sally Hemings (Thandie Newton). Then, the film goes out of its way to show that the audience has, not yet returned—as if, so, an end, not even Jefferson, could trust these very words. In the final scene, in the American capital, the Merchant-Ivory atmosphere could be so accurate that it is almost unbelievable. They have taken to an extraordinary story and made a lovely movie.

BRIAN D. JOHNSON

# Short and sweet

An animated film wins the NFB Oscar No. 10

Bob, a mild-mannered dentist, is depressed. It is his first birthday, and he has been thinking that perhaps he should have taken another path in life. Maybe, just maybe, he should have gone into a more exciting field—"like ophthalmology," he muses. Meanwhile, Bob's policeman wife, Margaret, has planned a surprise party for him. Things go wrong when Bob arrives home at a bank and begins reading their friends' stories that they are hiding behind the living-room furniture. The hapless gasp as the main characters in Bob's birthday, the 12-minute animated film that won an Oscar last week, Commissioned by British pop broadcaster Channel 4, and co-produced with Canada's National Film Board, the short was created by British actress Snowden and Canadian David Fries, a London-based husband-and-wife team whose whimsically funny worlds have earned two previous Academy Award nominations. Two years ago at the making, the \$325,000 film marks the fifth time the NFB, which partly financed the production, and which the award is awarded to the best in the category of short films, has won the Oscar for best animated short.

**Snowden (left):** Plot: scene from Bob's Birthday, the animated but threatened agency considers about its future



"It is a very beautiful reminder that we're here working away, at a time when our future is very much up in the air," says Snowden. The film is a critical success. In the February budget, the federal government extended the agency's funding by five per cent, as far as 1995-1996 is concerned with \$75 million. The government has also offered a review of the NFB's mandate and operations, only last month after receiving the results of an earlier, 100-page-long study that recommended the NFB become a more training body.

Still, last week's Oscar comes on the heels of another artistic coup for the board, the international success of the 1992 film *The Star of David*. The Academy Award for best animated short film, the NFB's strong reputation—and it is a major boost to sales. Last week, the agency—whose new chairwoman, Sandra Macdonald, former executive director of the Canadian Film and Television Production Association, takes over on April 10—announced that Patina Phipps will be showing the short before the movie *Don Juan DeMarco*, starring Macdonald and Johnny Depp, on 80 screens across the country. The last animated NFB film to get into a movie with a major feature was *The Car Called Wanda* (which ran before the popular comedy *A Fish Called Wanda* in 1988).

Theatrical release for Bob's Birthday coincides with important expo-

ture on TV. Several broadcasters have already purchased and/or aired the short, including the CBC, Telefilm, Bravo, Women's Television Network and Showtime. In fact, the advent of the specialty channels in January has meant a phenomenal boost in overall program sales at the NFB, which is estimating an increase of 56 to 60 per cent in revenues for 1994-1995 compared with last year. Board revenues are also climbing through video cassette sales—a vibrant component of which is sales of animation cassettes—which topped 125,000 units in the past year, a 508-per-cent increase over four years.

Meanwhile, at the board's main animation studio in Montreal, production is hot. Barrie Angus McLaren, executive producer of Bob's Birthday and head of English language animation, says that 30 animated films are currently in production in Montreal, with a handful underway to other centres. While he is buoyed by the increased prospects for noncommercial animation in Canada, McLaren points to the much greater exposure of the genre on Britain's Channel 4. It runs a wide range of animated shorts and other noncommercial fare in prime time, attracting adult viewers—and advertisers. Says McLaren: "It's an extraordinary model that I wish the CBC would emulate."

Fries and Snowden say that they have found a wider range of clients for their quirky work since moving to London in 1990. Channel 4 has asked them to develop Bob's Birthday into a series of 13-minute episodes for prime time, and MTV has asked the pair to develop a pilot for a children's series. Says Fries, a 34-year-old native of Toronto: "It's really nice to work in an environment where your work is appreciated, and more important, seen."

Fries notes that her animation has a much better profile abroad than at home. But the 31-year-old, who met Snowden when they were both students at the National Film and Television School outside London in 1980, also points out that the atmosphere at the board did not suit him and his wife. The couple moved to Montreal in 1985 and went on to win the Oscar for best animated short for their 1979-produced short *Greg and Gertie* (1987), about an elderly man's pines for the plump older woman across the street (her first nomination was for their 1980 student film *Second Class Mail*). But they decided to return to Britain in 1989 in part, says Fries, because they felt a sense of isolation—both creative and physical—at the board's facilities in suburban Montreal. "Marie [the typewriter]," he adds, "but I just found it hard to be that huge creative building in the middle of nowhere. And there was very little mingling with other creative people in the business." Now, the couple maintain a studio on London's famed Carnaby Street, "within walking distance of several other studios."

Bob's Birthday has brought alive Hollywood attention to Fries and Snowden. While they were in Los Angeles for the Academy Awards, Warner Bros. approached them about working on a feature-length movie for its new animated feature division. As for the NFB, however, it seems unlikely that its latest Oscar win will resolve its onetime glory crisis.

DAVID L. KATZ

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## **MUSIC**

# Awards for a survivor

The morning after her triumph at the Juno Awards, Jann Arden was sitting on a Canadian Airlines flight, bound for Calgary. It was her birthday, and the 33-year-old performer was looking forward to a quiet trip home before celebrating with family and a close circle of friends. But word about her presence travelled quickly through the aircraft. Several passengers offered congratulations on her Juno success. Then a flight attendant came and asked for an autograph. The pilot, a professional fan, even invited Arden to the cockpit, where he gave her a demonstration of the controls. Just when it seemed that she might be able to relax for the final leg of the journey, an announcement came over the speakers: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. We're flying at about 37,000 feet. We've got Jann Arden on board with us today and it just happens to be her birthday." The passengers broke into applause, causing the modest singer-songwriter to shrink into her seat. Arden now recalls that all the attention made her feel "kind of dumb."

With her birthday passing, Arden is going to have to get used to the attention: Her Juno win last month—for best female vocalist, best songwriter and single of the year—barely thrust the performer into the limelight of Canadian music. Her achingly beautiful voice is all over the airwaves, and her stark, confessional songs have drawn glowing comparisons to Joan Mitchell, whom she beat out for the prestigious songwriter award. Arden won six album sales to match the accolades. Her first release, 1993's *Time for Mercy*, sold an impressive 77,000 copies in Canada, while sales at home at the 1994 *Billboard* (Jann Arden: *Time for Mercy*) are just approaching the 200,000 mark. Just released: much of the music, the second album is already generating rave reviews from U.S. media. *Elle* magazine gushed about the "transcendent intensity" of Arden's "gorgeous, wise" compositions, while *Entertainment Weekly* bestowed a grade of A minus on the album for its "shimmering suite of beautiful love songs."

But the self-effacing, self-described "prairie girl" has worked hard for her success. Arden spent a decade in the gritty live circuit of Western Canada, singing at river banks in noisy beer parlors for mostly unappreciative, drunken audiences, before landing a solo deal with Motown Records. Along the way, she struggled with alcohol problems of her own and considered giving up as a music career altogether. There was also much heartache, as Arden bounced from one casual relationship to another. Ultimately, what saved her from taking rock bottom was the realization that she had lost sight of herself. After meeting Neil MacGinnitt, who believed in her talent and became her manager in 1987, Arden began to lay off the drinking and threw herself headlong into writing and performing her own songs—something she had tried before, but never with any confidence. In fact, under MacGinnitt's tutelage, she began a daily regimen of composing, creating some 200 songs from which she chose 11 for her debut recording.

The wisdom gleaned from those years informs the songs on Arden's two albums, both produced by Antonine El Chirac, who has



Jann Arden's Junos celebrate her new lease on life

also worked with Bonnie Raitt and Eric Clapton. And a sense of melancholy pervades much of her material, including the haunting *Wild You* (Bonnie Raitt), in which she sings, "God only knows why we try and hold us this heaven on earth as the lines of hell," and the plaintive *Demolition Lane*, which speaks eloquently of the "futility of love." Arden always laments her songs with a sense of hope, and her concerts are often full of music lovers: She has been known to introduce her song *Goodbye* about an hour after she has sung. "Let's move on to 'good,'" she has said to her audience. "I've confided some fans, who took the Juno-winning single *Good I Do You Good*—with its line 'there is a drink and police just are left coast for'—no more, that Arden is a more sort of dead-end singer. Last week, Arden said that it is really about 'falling in love with the wrong person' that she admits that she cannot explain all the 'little tears and tears' of her songs. Says Arden, 'I just draw from whatever's going on inside of me and hope that it moves someone.'

Heartbreak expressed in searching Arden learned from her parents, who, she says, always taught their children to be strong. Born to construction contractor Dennis Richards and his wife, Joan, a retired dental assistant, Jann Arden Richards grew up with an older and a younger brother in the rural community of Springfield, outside Calgary. She describes herself as a happy childhood, with musical direction and support. When she was 15, her mother gave her a guitar and she began writing her first songs. Her aspiration was the pop/rock trio of Glenne McGowan, John, and, especially, The Carpenters. Despite playing an Alberta childhood and a controversial single with Joan Mitchell, Arden did not hear the celebrated songwriter's work until quite recently. In fact, when she first met pro-

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## BROADCASTING

ducer Cherny and he said that he considered them doing a *Crest* and *Sport* type of album, adding to the Maclean classic: she replied, "Who are they?"

After the twelve years of high school—where she was known as a diva, and remembers her extra class singing English to go down to the river with a case of beer, only to be dragged back by the principal—Arden launched plans to become a lawyer. She headed to Vancouver with her guitar and began busking on the streets, and one day she was punched in the face and robbed at the 34 in loose change that she had earned.

Humbled and disillusioned, Arden quit music for a while and took on some menial jobs, including waiting in a hotel kitchen at a girl course and as a deckhand on a salmon boat, getting up to 730 fish a day. Before long, however, she was drawn back to music, and found herself singing in bands playing mainly pop and country. Like brother, Arden recalls an endless series of bootstraps and misadventures. "I was drinking way too much, not eating well or getting enough rest," says Arden, "and after a while, I stopped caring about my appearance. When you're in that state, you sort of snap it and say, 'This is good enough for me, I don't care.'"

Fortunately, Arden wound up back in Calgary and met MacGoull at the time, she was in a heavy lounge called Heart and Soul, drinking Great Man or through-out her nose. MacGoull, who'd previously managed cowboy singer Jim LaFleur, saw the act and became enchanted by the adult-themed performer. Although Arden sang a lot of her own songs, including *I Just Don't Love You Anymore*, she never admitted that they were hers. "I was kind of embarrassed by them," Arden now explains. "They were really personal and I wasn't sure if I wanted people to know that it was me." But MacGoull was impressed enough to catch the singer at her next engagement, at Calgary's trendy Ranchmen bar, where she brought the crowd to a complete standstill. "Even the staff come out of the kitchen to listen to her," recalls MacGoull, 45, who promptly offered to manage her and convinced her to give up drinking.

Although she admits that she still struggles with fears about life and death, Arden has clearly conquered her self-esteem problems. A lot at home, she now has her sights set on America and Europe (she is already a phenomenon in Italy, where her song *Love* was featured in a jeans ad). Last week, she was preparing for a U.S. tour that will keep her south of the border for much of the year, the singer informed on her success and how much her prospective fan club charged. Says Arden, "I used to worry that my songs were too sad or depressing. Now, I don't really care because life is about imperfection and making mistakes." She adds: "It's not a beer commercial. And I feel so much happier that I know that now."

NICHOLAS BENNING

## BROADCASTING

# Back to Ottawa

A veteran Tory politician heads the CBC

Twenty-one years as a federal Conservative MP taught Pierre Beatty to recognize newsmen. True to that character, the former cabinet minister thought to hang a star in the van where he returned to Ottawa in early March to lead students from his University of Western Ontario communications class in London on a national tour of his old political haunts. One thing, Beatty was wrong: Beatty was wrong when he thought the Prime Minister's Office would have him down as a candidate for an upcoming meeting with John Christian on Parliament Hill. What shocked Beatty was the reason behind the invitation: Christian had the 59-year-old former politician, so recently patron that he was known during his stint as Ottawa as the Tory's Boy Scout, if he would consider a job as president of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. To the man who led Canada's cultural authority, Beatty last week accepted the liberal appointment. "It was not a job that I sought," explained Beatty. "I sought me."

In fact, few would risk the cheer of placing the stricken public network through perhaps the toughest patch of financial and structural upheavals in its 50-year history. Beatty agreed to preside from the next four years over as much as \$550 million in cuts in the Crown corporation's annual \$1.6-billion budget—roughly, \$100 million of that amount is delayed reductions ordered by Beatty's own Tory government before his defeat in 1986, when he was the minister responsible for the corporation. At the same time—and working along side Montreal business executive Geoffrey Sauter, named Friday as the CBC's chairman—the office.

Tory minister of communications is being asked to install a new public broadcasting mandate from the financial bubble. Clearly, Ottawa considers the overhaul of the CBC as much a political exercise as an economic imperative. Said Keith Kelly, national director of the Canadian Council of the Arts: "The background for the CBC is not going to be at the managerial level. It's going to be in the political arena."

Despite initial headwinds over Chretien's

unopposed choice, the very fact the Liberals committed expense to take the two points was all some relief to CBC supporters and critics alike. The thought 30th anniversary of CBC president Andrew Munn, who quit over what he saw as a betrayal of a Liberal election promise to provide stable, mid-career funding, played the 1980-member corporation into uncertainty.



Soucier (R), Beatty: a team player and self-promoter

and internal bidding. A memo circulated last week by a disgruntled agency employee estimated that there had been \$6.5 million in cuts to news and current affairs budgets since 1980.

Strained in secrecy, Beatty's candidacy was a surprise to all but a select few members of the CBC's senior management, while Sauter, a 45-year-old former president of the Quebec Chamber of Commerce and an active Liberal, was a virtual unknown outside Quebec. Heritage Minister Michel

Depuy, under increasing attack for his lack of political clout and mediocre performance, was conspicuously absent from the Friday news conference.

Most important, Chretien deliberately refused to promise that the Liberals would spare the CBC from further cuts. In fact, Chretien insisted that Beatty make a personal cut of his own, reducing his salary by \$20,000, the amount of his \$150,000 pension, for an estimated total of about \$280,000. In turn, the only commitment Beatty said the Prime Minister allowed was that the CBC's mandate as a public enterprise, limited primarily from the taxpayer's pocket, would be preserved. Despite a laudable career in the private sector as a general newspaper columnist, director of several corporations and an honorary professorship at Western since his defeat in the 1980 federal election, Beatty said he was prepared to make the financial sacrifice for a chance to rebuild the CBC. "I won't have left the private sector," said Beatty, "if I believed it was not possible for the CBC to go on to a brighter future."

Beatty's boyish boosterism of the CBC is typical of the public career spent plucking the media and the best, from political opponents. A self-described liberal, "lover of public broadcasting," Beatty spent his first decade in Ottawa, from 1972 to 1982, as government broadcasting consultant. As revenue minister, one of seven portfolios he held, his policies imposed the tax status of visual arts, a liberal arts promoter, he was also a prominent self-promoter. Beatty established reporters last week of former CBC president Gerard Welton's praise for his ability to wrest \$36 million from a reluctant Tory cabinet in 1981 to cover a CBC shortfall. Last week in Ottawa, these credentials overshadowed Beatty's role in Tory budget cuts to the CBC. Said Ian Macrae, spokesman for the French Canadian Broadcasting lobby group: "My greatest person who loves the CBC will keep an eye out, but I prefer to take Beatty as he was."

Still, less than two years ago, Beatty was perhaps best known in Ottawa as a bright but somewhat brittle politician who had squandered much of his potential in last year's campaign. He was named last week as a presidential pick. Said Beatty: "I hope this job will allow me to get today to the Royal Canadian Air Force." It was a joke—at a time when there is little to laugh about at the CBC.

R. NATHANSON in Ottawa  
and DAVID TREVINO in Toronto

## BOOKS

# An attack on the gospel



**SHOOTING THE NIPKO: DEATH BY DEFICIT AND OTHER CANADIAN MYTHS**  
by Leslie McQuinn  
(Viking, 302 pages, \$29.95)

I imagine a modern-day country in which inflation and the national debt are seen as unimportant and free trade is undesirable. Decried from the world economy, freed from worries about the value of its currency, the agencies of international money markets or competition from other countries, the government of this day could provide comprehensive social programs and full employment for its citizens. A recession would not occur, because the government would spend whatever money necessary to pull out of one. Whenever more money was needed, the government would raise taxes, even on the rich. Many Canadians need only economy, rather than wigwags, to recall the prevalence of those ideas in Canada as recently as the 1970s.

For them, guaranteeing Leslie McQuinn's new book, *Shooting the Nipko: Death by Deficit and Other Canadian Myths*, will evoke either a wistful sigh for ideas gone by, or a groan that they are resurfacing again.

The thrust of McQuinn's argument, which she makes passionately but seldom persuasively, is that the only thing standing between ordinary Canadians and a credit-savvy socialist utopia is a small group of conspirators who seek to transform Canada into a lean, mean, market-driven economy. The principal villain is former Bank of Canada governor John Crow. McQuinn blames his tightwad, inflation policies almost entirely for the recession that beset Canada through most of

the early 1980s (while all but ignoring the fact that most Western industrialized countries were hit just as hard). Her other choices are accusations for her Bill of Rights are less predictable and more baffling than is surprisingly little specific discussion, for example, of the economic policies of other Prime Ministers or Jean Chrétien and their governments.

More to the point, McQuinn appears either to ignore the increasingly marginal nature of the global economy or to feel that Canada can function as an economic outlier, dealing with other countries only on its own terms. In either event, she spends little time explaining how Canada could operate at cross-purposes from other Western economies—even though 27 per cent of Canada's \$490-billion debt is now held by foreigners as a consequence of large amounts of the deficits run up in the free-spending 1970s. Like any debt, the Canadian government must offer satisfactory terms to the people it owes money to.

But McQuinn, while promising the government's efforts to appease foreign lenders, appears to see nothing wrong with the spending habits that led to the present situation.

On the other hand, the author seems obsessed by the influence of more indirect players in policy making. Large among them is the Toronto-based C.D. Howe Institute, a nonprofit research foundation funded largely by Canadian businessmen. Its members, like Crow and other apparent enemies of working-class Canadians, share the unfortunate habit, in McQuinn's eyes, of wanting to work in comfortable conditions. At the Bank of Canada headquarters in Ottawa, she notes disapprovingly, "there is a spectacular, vaulted 600-

ton hall of ovals and trees...not even the chilly wind of autumn reaches inside." Similarly, the building housing the Howe Institute is "spacious, bright and full of plants, which, oddly, give it a feeling of life and growth and even...a! More sackcloth and ashes and less greenery, perhaps, might make the sparsely furnished either building more suitable.

But the Howe Institute's real sin seems to be that the papers it produces often reflect the consensus of the business community in favor of lower taxes, deficit reduction and support for Crow's radicalization stand. There is also criticism of some of the country's largest news organizations (including *Maclean's*), because "the media's position on the deficit has been not too overwhelmingly corresponds with that of the elite."

That is probably true, but it is also true that the media's position on the deficit corresponds with the apparent preference of voters and the politicians they elect. At the provincial and

federal levels, there is no longer any serious debate over deficit reduction, only the order of which to be taken. A tiny stamp of new operators is all that remains of the federal New Democratic Party, the champions of Canada's left. And the three NDP governments of Saskatchewan, Ontario and British Columbia have all taken tough cost-cutting actions that bear little in common with past NDP philosophies.

Still, McQuinn makes a compelling case that the much-cited example of New Zealand—which introduced draconian cost-cutting measures after a financial crisis in the mid 1970s—is neither the success story that the media have made it out to be, nor a valid basis of comparison with Canada's present financial situation. (The book's title springs from a tale told by CTV NS host Eric Mallory in his documentary on New Zealand, in which he said that a better hypothesis was that because the sea could no longer afford to maintain its after-dinner quiz.) She also makes some interesting historical allusions. In 1776 Scottish economist and philosopher David Hume wrote that Britain's major debt represented "the direct road to national ruin." His country then entered the period of its greatest wealth and dominance.

But with its carefully argued certainty that the way to move the country forward is to look backward for solutions, *Shooting the Nipko* represents perhaps the last frontier for a baby-boomer generation that has wallowed in every other kind of nostalgia. The 45-year-old author—and against the odds in reverse Canada's neoliberal left—will have to do better than repeat theories that were in vogue when boozers were younger, but which, like mood rings, bell-bottoms and pet rocks, have been discarded and discredited for more than a decade.

ANTHONY WILKINSON/SPRINT



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## BOOKS

### An elegant puzzle

Ruth Rendell revels in her Wexford series

SIMSOLA

By Ruth Rendell  
(Goodman, 322 pages, \$27.95)

Chief Insp. Wexford has grown to be remarkably durable. British crime writer Ruth Rendell crossed back in 1964, and he has since appeared in 15 more mysteries, including the latest, *Simsola*. Though Wexford himself—starched, impudent of looks, given to occasional flashes of acuity—remains the same solidly middle-class police officer, the England he knows has changed, even in his quiet Kensington home in southern England. There is often an undertone of bemused contempt for much of contemporary Britain in Rendell's books; shipping yards litter the southern landscape, film-star youths wildly bang about, bureaucrats utter as new euphemisms daily to describe the shockingly high levels of unemployment. And in *Simsola*, as in her earlier books, the author uses such details as essential pieces in the elegant puzzle she constructs.

This time, the puzzle has a strong racial component. Melrose Abadee, one of only 10 black people in the small town of Kensington, has disappeared. The 20-year-old is the daughter of Dr. Raymond Abadee and his wife, Laurette, a senior nurse, both of whom are upset at their daughter's joblessness. In fact, Melrose was last seen at the usual insurance office, where she was applying for benefits.

As Wexford investigates, he finds himself embroiled in discussions about race. "We're all racist," he tells his skeptical assistant Mike Blevins. "We're conditioned that way and it's in us still. It's irreducible." Because of that belief, Wexford overcooperates with the distraught Abadees, dropping in every morning to discuss the case. He makes a blunder, however, that is directly attributable to a load of unconscious racism. The investigation then turns off in a new direction.

Rendell brings a cool, unsentimental style to the Wexford series. All *Simsola* illustrates the author's ordering: the clues are distributed fairly, with the unusual tide appearing only once, as the very last word of the book.

DAVID DUNN

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BOOKS

# Hair today, gone tomorrow

*The search for the perfect hairdo may have profound meaning*



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coiffures lead the  
way for the future



less, or vain, or aging badly." He notes that some beauty salons will even celebrate this event with a party, "a kind of a wake, a sad farewell to youth."

*My Hair* is not about big business. McCracken estimates that North Americans spend \$22.4 billion a year on their hair. And he admits that more than a few of the women he interviewed are closer to their mystic faith in their husbands or children. Meanwhile, some women have made a career out of going bald. In the late 1970s, thanks in large part to her luxurious mane, Farrah Fawcett won fame as one of three crume-lighting babes in TV's *Charlie's Angels*. Fawcett defined a style that has continued right up to Mylee Klass, a coiff that twin-beans are, evocative and enduring.

Adds McCracken: "Fawcett created a look that captured the fitness, exuberance and energy of California." That look sold three million posters and countless cases of hair spray.

McCracken occasionally attempts to widen his focus to the rest of the world. The author notes that women in China are taking a dash of blood to their hair because they want to look like the high-haired beauties of the Philippines, whom they perceive as having more personality and spirit. But McCracken's work is defined by North American pop culture. Among the many Hollywood stars that he cites is Marilyn (1955), in which the lonely secretary played by Marilyn Griffith decides to stand out by volcanizing her hair, because, in the character's words, "if you want to be taken seriously, you need serious hair."

By glossing his study with such popular examples, McCracken has created an eminently accessible book. *My Hair* is big but lively and filled with amusing descriptions—a woman growing out her short style has "hair that is under construction, sorry for any inconvenience." The author says that he expects to get brushed by subway commuters for that light touch. "Given the choice between the applause of reviewers and the applause of a general audience, it is certainly the latter that I'm after," he told *McCracken's My Hair* as a one-line gag on academic establishments that McCracken sees in discussion of pop culture.

There is a streak of delusion in McCracken's past. A native of Vancouver, he confesses to "looking around" at these celebrities before getting his fix in anthropology from Arthur's University in Ohio. He is as broad-based in name rather than in reality, including a stint as a consultant on Vancouver-area film and art scenes. John Christie (who would later, coincidentally, star in the film *Shogun*) McCracken went on to get his PhD at the University of Chicago. He says that he became an Elizabethan scholar because a thesis on anything more modern "wouldn't fly. I had to work on something that was far away from pop

A ny woman who has ever been ridiculed by tears by a bad perm, take heart. Anthropologist Grant McCracken can testify that you, and his new book, *My Hair: A Journey into the Transformation of Self*, would support a lawsuit against the offending stylist. For McCracken, hair matters. A curator in the department of ethnology at Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum, he believes that pop culture reveals its society's values—and that hair is a crucial element in how women define themselves. Take bloods, for example. In *My Hair* (Viking, \$25), McCracken maintains that there are six basic types: the headbitch blood (Oscar Wilde), the mother of all bloods, the dangerous blood (Eve Smith), the money blood (Doris Day), the teenage blood (Cybill Shephard), the society blood (Oona Trump) and the rock blood (Gloria Kelly). And then there are blood anomalies such as Madonnas, who trouble McCracken for hair, push "natural girl" just a year moon pie as a drawback to the bad-girl anomaly of blue hair.

The state of blood is important in McCracken's universe, where hair acts as an indicator of what the future may hold. He curiously documents supermodel Linda Evangelista's nine-month flirtation with Madonna, how she "pulled the message out of it that was useful and jettisoned the rest." McCracken writes that for St. Catherine, Ont. born Evangelista, "Madonna becomes a resource, an opportunity for self-expression." In conversation, McCracken is willing to go one step further and declare that the model's ability to stay at the top of her profession while exploring blood, hermetic and red head styles in recent years proves that "Evangelista is the future of hair. Evangelista says, 'I changed all the time, that's why I'm interesting.'"

The book photographed Evangelista and other celebrities. McCracken contrasts, "are hair test pilots, they are testing personalities and possibilities that we all come to accept." The stars provide a social road map that others can follow, and McCracken sees North American society trying out for this sort of guidance during a period of constant social upheaval. That leads to the big—and highly debatable—message at the conclusion of the book: that hair "may be our best chance to prepare for the cataclysmic changes that await us."

Hair, says McCracken, also marks the cycles of life. Among frequent lament decisions is a hairstyle, and McCracken writes that a young woman may wear her hair up for the first time in high school graduation, marking her move into adulthood. But at the end of the event, teenage girls may also let their hair down—"Long, wild hair stands for their new sexual learner and other adult freedoms." Later on in life, a woman will show her acceptance of middle age by opting for a mature look. McCracken writes that the women he interviewed in their 40s and 50s were cutting their hair so as not to appear "frazzled."

culture: to be taken seriously." He wrote two serious academic books and taught anthropology at the University of Guelph in Ontario before joining the Royal Ontario Museum in 1960. Then three years ago, he took an oddball's leave from the ROM, although he still volunteers time to the museum's marketing campaigns and keeps an office there.

In the past few years, McCracken has concentrated on writing *Big Hair* and supplying his expertise to corporations in need of marketing strategies. He viewed Fashion Week at Bloomingdale's, N.Y., how people felt about the pictures they snap, a study that led to new advertising campaigns showing photos as a way to preserve family memories. He studied how pop drinkers would react to Coca-Cola's introduction of the contained bottle—the Atlanta-based company liked it, and the old Coke bottle made a come-back.

The preoccupation with hair does not spill over into McCracken's personal look. At age 43 and clearly comfortable with his receding hairline, he jokes that "every day is a bad hair day." McCracken had never actually heard of "big hair" until his sister used the phrase three years ago during a car ride in Vancouver, the event that inspired the book. "I started sitting down with hairdressers," he says, "and I realized this was a wonderfully rich element of our culture that was almost unexplored." He went on to interview 150 women, including his wife, from whom he recently separated, and female friends.

Men were not a part of McCracken's research. And they do not fare well in *Big Hair*. McCracken says that several male editors turned down his study before it was endorsed by Penguin Books Canada Ltd. "I sur-



prising director Karen Cooper and editor Jackie Kaiser. In his book, McCracken claims that men "have declared hair a trivial matter and modest women for caring about it." They have used hair as a weapon in control and belittling wars. They can't expect to be included

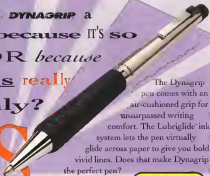
when hair is taken seriously." The author points an accusing finger at male hair-villains such as Orson Welles, who personally supervised the whiteness and blood coloring of his wife, Rita Hayworth's redhead. But the book also pays tribute to hair heroes, including Vidal Sassoon, who revolutionized hairstyling in the early 1970s with cuts that actually referred to a woman's head, a break from the 1950s hairwavyed bouffants that McCracken terms "a symbol of servitude."

Just because McCracken has successfully deconstructed the meaning of hair for women does not mean that he has figured everybody out. The bald dome of singer Stevie Nicks nor gives him pause, and he is stumped by lending feminist author Naomi Wolf, who has written about the tyranny of gender roles yet favors long voluminous locks—what he calls "the single most sexual and stereotyped hair cut in the stylistic catalogue." Adds McCracken: "Either Ms. Wolf is not paying attention to the cultural significance of her haircut, or she means to mislead its significance." This struggle with Wolf's message—she criticizes the ideal of beauty while objecting to artificial standards—points to the book's limits. While it is an entertaining chronicle of where hairlines have been, *Big Hair* just doesn't get when it tries to fully define an evolving, complex society simply on the basis of bangs, curls, shape and color.

ANDREW WILLIS

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# The time has come for a new breed

BY STEWART MacLEOD

Our political parties undoubtedly mean well in proposing that governments operate within their financial means, but unfortunately they all have it, in a manner of speaking, but backwards. What we need is a political party that will embrace the word "discretion" and instead eradicate government spending.

Then, starting from scratch, a new and unadorned ministry could build a new government, a better, smarter machine we could actually afford. Sure, it would involve a disruption of some, but not too far.

In our never-ending battles against bloated budgets, we've never gone beyond the hatching process, showing here, chopping there and more often than not, ending up where we started. Once established, every government department, agency or program becomes absolutely essential. All indispensable. Whole battalions of bureaucrats devote life and limb to their survival. We have more sacred trusts than the Vatican.

Everyone knows it's easier and a helluva lot more fun to build than destroy. Who gets more enjoyment from work, a decorator or wallpaper stripper?

So what's clearly needed is that ultra-conservative party, one refusing to recognize the necessity of any bureaucratic administration, open to ideas of establishing new systems without any regard for the old. Out of freedom, the price: \$15,000 or whatever—federal public servants should be given first consideration for new jobs, but from the democracy should end.

And let's have no arguments that existing parties—all burdened with traditions—are up to the task. So far, the government's efforts in the making relatively direct headway, but even their three-year plan of scrapping, pruning and partial acquisitions still projects an increase in our annual debt of nearly

*Whole battalions of bureaucrats devote life and limb to their survival. We have more sacred trusts than the Vatican.*

\$25 billion a year, enough to turn Atlanta into an industrial giant. And forget the other parties: The New Quebecs, with the comical title of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition, effectively consists of 50 political prisoners of war, entirely preoccupied with escaping to their own country, promised, of course. As for the 32 Reformers, well, they are not very reform-minded. Not a bit of conservatism. The New Democrats? Just what does one say about a nine-member socialist caucus whose most notable stand in the current Parliament is opposition to gun-control legislation? Rev. J. S. Woodsworth, we can probably assume, is not poring over heavenly handbooks.

No, it must be a new breed. We don't need another cabinet to decide that, either hell or high water, we must cut 2,000 jobs from the \$100-billion fisheries department. What's essential is the back-to-basics question: "If there are no fish, why do we need a fisheries department?"

Or, if we do need one, why not promise it, like the railways? If Iceland can catch 30 times our fish with one-third our fishers—or whatever—why not let these bureaucrats run our operation, on commission. Or, since our

biggest worry of 1995 was food (by a gap, but), could the Coast Guard be the answer?

Think! If we didn't have a Canadian International Development Agency right now, would an unincorporated cabinet consider such a 1,200-member unit established now in these cutback times? Or might the job be done by a handful of missionaries?

Or, with the Cold War in a state of rest and our military know-how dedicated entirely to massacres consolidating the word "peace," would that five-billion military device we need a Canadian Security Intelligence Service that spends \$250 million a year investigating espionage? Doubts abound.

Wouldn't an unconsidered cabinet question the essential status of 700 people at the Heritage Department, particularly in view of the establishing statement by unincorporated minister Sheila Copps? She said, in talking, that Canada doesn't have a cultural identity.

Which raises a question: what do we get from a \$550 million Canadian Identity Program if there's nothing on there to identify? The Scriptures, say, may have noted it, don't have a department of theater.

Why does Canada need government subsidies for small business, for big business, for sports business? Fifty years after the end of the Second World War, do we still need 3,400 people devoted to veterans affairs? An unconsidered cabinet might ask.

Other random thoughts could spring up around the new, smaller, and probably plastic, cabinet table: should a former federal provincial result be in the business of subsidizing socialized medicine—some of whom use the money to lobby the hard that beds don't? An innocent minister might want to know why the Fur Institute of Canada qualifies for a federal grant. Another might ask why the Canadian Association of Provincial Court Judges can't finance its own activities, whatever they might be.

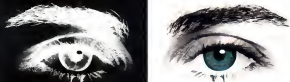
Should the National Action Committee on the Status of Women, which gets some \$370,000 from Ottawa, be considered a special-interest group? With women forming 51 per cent of Canada's population, what's so special? We don't even know if money is going to something really significant, like trying to produce the world's first female chess champion.

Something else with 50 per cent of adult Canadians in the active labor force, should the Canadian Labour Congress still qualify for federal assistance? But the New Democrats have no answer.

No question, we've become so used to traditional practices that anything beyond downsizing is considered cataclysmic. Makes one think of those bishops who have been fleeing regularly for 2,000 years to try to make Christianity more joyful. But there is no evidence that they have ever questioned why their traditional color is joyous black. You see, it's the basics that need attention.

Stewart MacLeod is a Glasgow columnist for Thomson Press Service.

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